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# THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

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## GWLADYS RHYS

*By W. J. Gruffydd. Dec. 1921.*

*(Translated from the Welsh by David Myrddin Lloyd)*

Prayer, Dorcas, Fellowship, and Children's Groups ;  
And day and night my father's mournful tone  
Tiresome as wind, the wind that day and night  
Blew shrill through pine twigs round the manse. And mother  
Seeking the speech of heaven, knew no speech  
But talk of meetings, Fellowship, and Dorcas.

What could I ever do, I, Gwladys Rhys,  
The Reverend Thomas Rhys' eldest child—  
The Minister of Horeb on the Moor ?  
What but to yearn, and ever listlessly  
Cast weary eyes across the down's bare slope,  
And rise at mornings to await the nights,  
And toss through endless nights longing for morn ?  
And winter, Oh my God, drawing the blinds  
O'er windows at four in the afternoon,  
And hear the wind bewailing through the pines,  
And listen to my father's talk and mother's !

And then one day, Someone drew nigh the house,  
And Something strange I felt within my heart :  
The wind bewailed no longer through the pines,  
Nor listlessly were weary eyes now cast  
Across the down's bare slope. I felt the cool  
Touch of a playful breeze from brighter lands.

I drew the blinds across the window-pane,  
 Nor made reply to father's weariness,  
 I heard my mother render long account  
 Of North Wales Women's Temperance League, and then  
 Through snow I sallied forth without a word  
 Although the wind was sighing through the pines  
 And it was Fellowship and Dorcas Night.

And therefore, wayfarer, 'tis here I lie  
 By Horeb Chapel's walls—I, Gwladys Rhys,  
 Aged thirty years; father and mother pass  
 To services, and Fellowships, and Groups,  
 Dorcas, Prayer Meetings, and Committees of  
 The North Wales Women's Temperance League; yes, here  
 In dark Oblivion's Vale, because the gust  
 Of that light playful breeze from brighter lands  
 Was nothing but the sigh of wind through pines.

## AULIC

*By Lyle Donaghy*

On the blackened scrub of the dark hill-top,  
 On the moors where sultry Deirdre gathered  
 The rose for Naoise, yet rolls the smoke  
 Of the storm the druid Cathvad fathered,  
 Reeks yet a column where the thunder-ball  
 Fell on Emain's roof-tree and Emain's hall  
 And there yet around Synge's oaks and ashes  
 Tremble the thundery moods and flashes.

But the storm was overblown long ago,  
 But the trunk was overthrown in fierce woe,  
 But the stub was overgrown in a mound  
 And the impressioned gold sunk in the ground,  
 And now only the barred spotted hawks know  
 Which stoop out of grey sky the billowing flow  
 Of the green walls at Navan, where aloof unknown  
 —Too proud for pity—in Macha's courts I walk alone.

## THE ROWER

Where are you pulling to, Rower, O Rower,  
with a pull so steady and slow ?  
Who embarked me in this queer boat  
on a river sombre and broad  
and secret and still ?

Yes, Nurse, I am very comfortable, thank you.  
The pain has stopped. But this isn't my bed is it ?  
I must not talk ? What does it matter ?  
We have put off now.

I can see the faint outlines of the hills we have left.  
There is no pier.  
Was I unconscious when they laid me on board  
asleep or drugged ? What matter !  
I have floated away into quietness.

I do not know you Rower, O Rower.  
I like the shape of your head and your disciplined stroke.  
The ferry is wide but you are skilled.  
You have done this job before.  
With what sure craft you grip the oars.  
How silently you dip them. You bend and pull and by your  
strength  
the boat moves on deliberate, determined.

I had forgotten how to sleep,  
but I could sleep now and dream  
that I hear reeds bend whispering in shallow waters  
where moor fowl clutter loudly and unseen.  
Do they still trail their feet when they hurry across calm  
lonely lakes ?  
Are there moor hens in dreams ?

Do you never speak Rower, O Rower ?  
 Are you deaf and dumb ?  
 From silence does courage seep into your passengers ?  
 No sound. No sound. But strength.  
 Time ceases on this dim crossing  
 but strength remains.

I am afraid. For I know you now O Charon.

To what far shore are you rowing me ?  
 Off what strange land shall we cast anchor ?  
 For thousands of thousands of years you have ferried us over.  
 Millions and millions of times you have crossed this river.  
 How strong you are O Charon !  
 Where did you gain such strength ?  
 Did you forge it from duty or  
 have you known pain and the power that lies hid in it ?  
 Have you lived with sorrow ?  
 Have I too done with pain ? Shall I be freed from fear ?  
 Time ceases. But strength remains.

O Charon ! Charon ! Give me your strength.  
 Charon, Charon, servant of death.

L. P.

## VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE

*By Denis Devlin*

Hammers musical round my head, hammers throbbing on the  
roofs, wary silence of brutal propellers that have suddenly  
burst their speed.

All aboard all stations calling all in all in.

Mixed smell in the rain of mown hay and thistles, old red of  
poppies, creeping warmth of remembered desire :

Heads are markets for anarchic holdings, are there no fresh  
shoulders ?

A sweet lady, not alas ! the invented lady of stasis,

The fingers of a black-gloved hand are tenderly and viciously  
on my throat ; I am snatched up and hurled into the air.

Sweet lady ! on this gray sea you are not preceded by singing  
dolphins, as was, it is said, Aphrodite : but by discord of  
winds ;

Nor by the noise of drums, drums throbbing like continuous  
hammering,

But you are yourself the creator of tornado with your clothes  
whirring about your knees like grouse rising

And your wings

Disturbing the exact harmony of the stars.

Victory, winged Victory !

The sea is empty of fish beneath me and there are no ships ;  
otherwise I should cry for help.

But making the best of my own bargain, I offer you as gages of  
faith

The beginnings all over again

The never to be forgotten, and

The supposed brightness of lamps in daytime.

Winged Victory of Samothrace !

Let me be always in this state of grace,  
 Keep me going on bribes like this, the unfinished handiwork of  
 sunset ;  
 Be to me also for a sign  
 Of burgled outhouses around an inviolable family stone,  
 As a priest uncertain among his mysteries when a bending candle-  
 flame provokes forbidden images.  
 A man is swung between two lilies tall as pines. Terror !  
 Increasing loudness of a thousand feet of men tramping down  
 wooden stairs. Throbbing wooden stairs.  
 I will make another prayer.  
 Give me an object of art, a statuette for example of Diana : I  
 shall caress her limbs closely with my fingers.  
 For these graces, spirit of movement, I will build you an altar,  
 which I shall destroy immediately, and make offering of  
 promise  
 Of heroes once again  
 Of womens' eyes before love has drowned their sweetness.  
 The moment is poised in fear  
 Our Lady of Victory !  
 And your voice, which has the opulent contentment of a June  
 stream, babbles ;  
 And I feel with relief : it is better to be touched by a goddess  
 than to float like a barge on the sea : fingers again at my  
 throat,  
 Baptism by immersion in the numerous sea.  
 As the water closes over me, I look up still with interest, to see  
 the impersonal gleam in your eyes and the soft ebb and  
 flow of your breasts.

## BY NATURE OF ITS INTENTNESS

“Who knoweth the mysteries of the will, with its vigour? For God is but a great will pervading all things by nature of its intentness. Man doth not yield himself to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will.”

*Joseph Glanvil.*

*Quoted by Edgar Allan Poe in Ligeia.*

**I**T was not a sound that had waked her. She knew that, as nevertheless she strained her ears to hear.

She had been fast asleep, in that pleasant sleep in which the mind seems conscious of the comfort of the body and roams with freedom amusing itself with extravagant fancies. Now as she turned slightly on her soft mattress all the freedom had vanished, and the dark polished wood of her beautiful bedstead was not more hard and immovable than the experience which she knew lay before her.

In spite of the cold terror settling down upon her, her brain worked clearly and in some odd way it seemed vital that she should think out what had waked her. It was like an explosion so distant that only the reverberations had reached her. Behind the throbbing of her heart she still felt the shock of their silent impact. It was as if somewhere on the edge of the solar system two stars had hurled into one another and the waves from the crash had washed over her senses. That, of course, was only the extravagance left from the fancies of her dreaming freedom when every improbable thing seemed natural and possible. But though her critical brain told her that her dreaming senses had been mistaken and that no doubt the real disturbance was a quite ordinary noise, it could not alter the profound significance which she felt her waking held. If it was a commonplace noise, what had caused it? The sudden clash of a casement window heard when she lay dreaming at, apparently, a remote distance from her body? But no. The windows were all open as they had been the night before and the soft breeze that came through them did not even sway the half-drawn silk curtains. Did it not frequently happen in dreams, where had she read it, that an impression made on one sense might appear to have been made on another, just as, in waking life hot water sometimes

seemed red or the blare of a trumpet scarlet? Had someone unseen, her maid perhaps, moved a light before her shut eyes? The moon shone through the deep windows with their latticed panes and threw broad bars of light on the polished floor but the room was empty. And no sudden flash from an ordinary lamp carried by a human being could explain this certainty of having been recalled for a purpose that was stiffening her hair and paralyzing her limbs.

It was her fate to sleep with her curtains half-drawn, so that she might watch before she slept the dim movement of the trees outside, and listen to the wind in their branches. It had been part of her art of living to take conscious pleasure in beauties that vulgar people passed unnoticed, and last night her bed room in its space and symmetry had held its usual gracious charm and welcome. It was a beautiful room. The pale gold of the curtains against the hay-coloured oak panelling was precisely right. The dull surface of the panelled oak, the sheen in the folds of the silk, the shining spaces of the floor and the glimmer on the dark mahogany of the furniture were right too. She had always been sure that the thing for that great room was the contrast of dull and polished, of surfaces that held the light and surfaces that reflected it, with here and there the brilliant colouring of oriental porcelain. Her last look before she closed her eyes last night had been at the Chinese vase on its black stand that stood alone on the bare top of the tallest of the mahogany chests of drawers. The firelight had flickered on the shining surface beneath it and lit up its exquisite form. But since last night, though each familiar object stood in its accustomed place, her bed-room had changed in some strange way. Its everyday aspect had, as it were, drawn away. That soundless sound whose crash had waked her had shattered its gracious atmosphere as a sudden peal of thunder might shatter a rain cloud, and the room itself now appeared far off and small like an object seen from the wrong end of a telescope. With all its reminders of the daily joys of living it seemed to wait from its distance for the event that was to happen, an event for which she too waited rigid and paralyzed and helpless with horror.

In spite of the paralysis of her body, her mind, logical and accurate as ever, worked on independently, analysing and comparing. Had she actually gone to sleep night after night wrapped

not only in fine linen and wool but in that unreal atmosphere of distinction and beauty which she had felt kept her free from the intrusion of commonplace minds and vulgar ideals? Had there ever been a time when she had felt secure and guarded? Even the memory of her fatuity seemed to fade away before the intense reality of her present experience. What had waked her?

For a moment or two her mind went on groping its way and then suddenly it lit up and in the illumination she knew what it was that had waked her. It was neither a sound nor a light. It was no impression made on any one of her five senses. It was the announcement of a purpose. The air was charged with a strong and irresistible force, the force of a will that was not her will.

For a moment the shock wiped out her consciousness and stopped even the working of her brain. Then her mind cleared and her brain began working again with that dreadful independence as of some outside judge who delivered judgment. In her extremity it pointed out clearly and hopelessly that any appeal to it would be useless. It was only a machine which had been trained to record subtle ideas and fine imaginations, but what good were they in a crisis like this? She could neither direct nor oppose the force that filled the room and before it her personality was as weak as a thistle-down in a gale of wind.

She had never believed in the reality of a spiritual world. She had felt it to be natural, though perhaps pitiful, or sometimes even amusing, that men who had to struggle for bread should console themselves with dreams and visions of an impossible future. Their craving for a bigger and more beautiful life was a useful device of Nature's, for without some such deception the masses might refuse to carry on the work of the world. But the art of living could only be known by the rich. Knowledge and beauty and culture belonged to those who had no need to struggle and when all the varied interest and excitement of this world lay open, who but a fool would need the visionary and unreal imaginations of a next? Was it only yesterday or a century ago that she had actually believed all this? Now face to face with a new reality she saw the narrowness of her past folly. Yesterday it would have been impossible even to imagine such terror, but already it was more real than any other experience of her life. The spiritual world did exist. The force that filled

the room was the will of a spiritual being, and she had no strength to oppose it. Something had broken down inside her. She was a prisoner in her body at the mercy of the sinister being who had summoned her. She had neglected to cultivate the only power that would have made her able to withstand. Her will would not work and she was powerless.

It was just as she realized this with, she thought, the agony of a lost soul that she became aware of a change in the room. The event was about to happen.

At first it came like the sound of a delicate padding. Something was moving leisurely and with the grace of a wild beast about the great room. She could not see it. In the anguish of the discovery of her lost will, she seemed to have lost the use of her senses also and her unseeing eyes stared straight across the wide floor spaces and over the glimmer of mahogany that showed between the books on the round tables. But it seemed that there were other means of discernment than the senses, for without the use of her eyes she knew with a dreadful certainty that the thing that moved with such grace stood erect and that its two feet had soft velvet pads. It paused for a moment half in shadow to turn over the books on a table near the door. Then, with that delicate, almost noiseless pad, it moved a few steps and bent to sniff the forced lilies of the valley in the glass bowls on the flower table between two of the wide windows. There was grace and vigour in every line of its beautiful body. It straightened its supple back and stood for a moment to catch the effect of the soft sheen of the silk curtains on the polished floor. Last night (or a century ago) she too had stood to admire the sheen on the curtains and the consciousness of thus sharing her pleasures was so terrible to her that it seemed to snap the bond on her senses. The sight of her bodily eyes suddenly returned and she saw the being that shared the room with her.

It stood in one of the broad bars of moonlight, its slender fantastic figure half turned away from her. It had lifted a vellum-bound copy of Dante printed in old Italian type and was turning over the pages with a fine ironic smile that quivered the outstanding hairs of its cat's moustache. She could not see the hands that held the book, but the supple body covered with short black fur as fine and close as velvet, the cat-like profile with the outstanding moustache, and that terrible intelligent smile were quite clear.

She had often laughed with tolerant humour at mediæval imaginations of hell and devils and had sometimes amused herself by trying to reconstruct the environment of past ages when the darkness of ignorance pressed closely around even the most enlightened and strange shapes and forms were created by the religious. But now . . . surely the being before her must be a panther or a cat? It turned suddenly and with a blackness of horror that her brain refused to register she saw that it had a tail, a long black tail covered with fur as soft and reticent as that on its body. The last shreds of her modern culture dropped away and her soul seemed to swoon within her. The mediæval monks were right then. Such things did exist.

The being made an almost imperceptible movement, and she became aware, she did not know how, that it was amused. In soft noiseless laughter it mocked her modern mind and without speech it communicated its mockery to her. It had frightened her on purpose. It had been curious to see what would be the effect of a new form of reality on a clear-sighted materialistic brain, and her sudden fall into the grossest superstition gratified it greatly. Now with that strange power of talking without words it was telling her the truth. It showed her with appalling distinctness that in this spiritual world, so new and terrible to her, the outside appearance was a manifestation of the inside spirit. The body was but the clothing of the spirit and could be made as varying an expression of its moods as the clothes in which she herself had taken such pains to express her personality. The apparition before her, panther, or cat, or mediæval devil, might have stepped straight off a pantomime stage but the personality behind it was no appearance. It was real. It was soft and gentle because it was sure of her powerlessness, it knew the value of beauty, it shared her love of books, it was cultivated and appreciative, but it was nevertheless an evil spirit.

The spirit put the book back on the table with the care that was owed to so wonderful a specimen of printing, and walking softly with that noiseless graceful pad stopped before the Chinese vase on its black stand. It touched the porcelain with one soft black pad (yes, it had cat's hands) as if it loved it. Then it turned abruptly, crossed the great room swiftly and stood by her bedside. The swiftness of the movement was one with the purpose that filled the room. The time of fulfilment had come.

For a moment it seemed as if she had been dropped over the edge of the abyss and was spinning round and round at the end of a rope whose strands she saw slowly parting above her. When the strands parted she must fall. Their eyes met. Hers, she felt, were full of a sick hopelessness, and looking into the emerald depths of those above her, she saw they were eyes that knew both good and evil and selected with deliberation from either as it pleased them. This being had long since discarded all the moralities common to mankind. He held aloof from the sordid blood and tears and dust and vulgarity of the common life, as she too had tried to keep aloof. He had no desire to help the coarse miseries of the world; he had no wish to share with others its beauties. She too had not wanted to share, and that, she saw as she still spun dizzily, was one reason why she had attracted him. She could add to the interest of his existence. He admired her and he meant to possess her. Behind the cold admiration in his eyes there lay the calm self control of one who knows that without effort he can take what he wants. Her will was too weak to resist him.

She was no longer spinning over the abyss. Her body lay straight and rigid in her bed as it had lain since she had been awakened and her despairing eyes were still held by the shining emerald eyes of the cat-like devil beside her. His desire, she saw, was not for her body. His evil had passed far beyond those actions of unmentionable men, that she had once classed as bestial. He knew the satiation of such pleasure. He meant to rob her but in a different and more horrible way. He would enrich himself by taking for his own all her vivid sense of life, the charm of her personality, and the culture and subtlety of the mind which her will could not defend. What he wanted was her soul.

His eyes still held hers and her certainty of her own identity wavered as if about to pass from her. In a moment or two it would be absorbed and she would cease to exist. In a series of flashes she saw her past life. She had been kind when it cost her nothing. She had planned beauty which others living in ugliness had carried out. She had shut her ears to all ugly cries and her eyes had been closed to all ugly sights. She had been fed and clothed and housed by the pain and sweat and tears of her fellow creatures. Her only strength had lain in their necessity.

Her palace of art had been built without foundations. She had sinned through heedlessness but there was no reprieve. In those clear green eyes she read her own damnation. She was a lost soul.

A flicker of amusement like summer lightning crossed the eyes before her. It interested him to observe the damned, and lightly and deliberately he mocked her agony. It was simple of her to be so earnest about her lost soul. She ought to have thought of that before. And what folly to dream of reprieves when she was in his power. Did she imagine he willed his pleasures so carelessly? The emerald eyes darkened with anger and he drew back as if about to spring. And with that, a worse agony fell upon her; an agony so deep and despairing that it seemed to gather together strength she had not known to be in her. Her paralysis fell from her, and out of the depths of her being there burst a wordless and agonizing cry for help. Surely somewhere in the universe there was help?

She saw a leap of fear in the emerald eyes, and the cat-like being staggered as if she had dealt him a blow. Before he could recover there came the sound of a great wind rushing far off. It swelled louder and louder, and suddenly something awe-full and holy cut through the room clearing the air and impelling the devil before it in chattering terror.

For one second the crouched-up body and the round cat's face snarling over its shoulder with a grin of impotent fury showed clearly. Then, swept into a dark corner of space, it faded away, and with a sob of relief, as a child might turn to its mother, she turned to the power that had freed her. She lay, it seemed for a moment, wondering, soothed in its presence, and when, for a second time, she awoke, her cheeks were wet with tears.

L. P.

# THE SECRET OF MUSIC

## II.—MUSIC ITSELF—(*concluded*).

By H. F. Norman

As a concrete example of phantasy, let us glance at Berlioz' *Fantastic Symphony* as a possible bridge between works of incident and "music absolute." The *Fantastic* certainly seems to promise guidance. "As a symphony, no doubt it must be abstract, but," it will be said, "it is a dream tale (lengthy, if tall) actually transcribed in sound." But, did dreams really inspire the music? Is this "an experiment with time," a drama first experienced in dream, to be afterwards fulfilled through sound? Mr. Ernest Newman, whose constant homage to Berlioz keeps equal and timely step with his zeal for Wagner, has answered this question with his usual lucid economy of phrase, referring his readers for detail to Wotton's book on Berlioz in the *Musical Pilgrim* series. So far from the symphony as a whole having been preceded, informed and fashioned by waking dream, its picaresque dream-incidents were in some degree an after-thought, superimposed upon previously conceived and only subsequently reshaped music. It is as if children starting to build a sand castle, and then finding a picture of some big edifice fit to house a grotesque and fabulous giant, had decided to amplify the original plan, pile up more sand and build a huger structure. No musical bridge, then, is constructed connecting programme and abstract music, in this fantasy of Berlioz, over which the thinker can safely cross the vehement stream of sound. The listening ear must construct a ford for the crossing with such help as it can derive elsewhere. One who is attracted by nightmare tales may let his fancy revel in the saturnalia, the melodramatic "love interest," the execution and the aftermath. But if repelled by these, as extraneous to music proper, he finds his mind thrown back upon itself in the study of this work, he may profit by a discovery. Whether fitting incident to previously composed music or making new music to elaborate his incidents, Berlioz here busied himself in compiling a musical memoir. This discovery is of value, for it is one more hint that we can best continue the search for a clear clue to music's secret in the depths of the artist-mind.

Not that a composer's own description is always to be taken *au pied de la lettre*. We need not take Beethoven's search for

"a lost sixpence" too seriously; but, on the other hand, if descriptive titles mislead, is not the composer himself usually responsible? Mr. Arnold Bax, in an interesting programme note, has warned us against placing any such label value (the phrase is mine) on his *Tale the Pine Trees Knew*. I heard only part of this work (and that in a broadcast), but, not having his programme note to dissuade me, I confess to having "seen" his trees and heard their boughs shake in the wind. But so indeed did Carlyon de Lyle's, in his more domesticated and town bred *Song of the Pines*. I found an astringency, almost an acerbity, in Bax's trees, matching well their proud and isolating greenness, as they shook in that grey wind—food for neither man nor beast but friendly for coniferae—while their gaunt, stalwart, readily bending boughs welcomed the musical wind he caused to blow through them. If he tells me all this "was not there," whom shall I believe—him or my ears? I think the truth about much labelled music is that the listener would not identify a purport in it if the clue were not shown to him—and then he can scarcely avoid it! But he may feel something lacking in sounds which he is expected to interpret as pure line and colour. What if *his* pines form kaleidoscopic patterns or assume the solid shapes as of air craft looping the loop or forming for him some other equally monstrous unmusical association? But if music does not picture nature or echo life, what is its aim? May the psychologist claim it for his province?

Just here we discern all the elements of a sensational quarrel between aesthete and moralist! One says it cannot be asserted that psychological qualities relevant to music are ethical, in the sense of pointing a pragmatical "moral." The other asserts that not all is music which wears an aesthetic or professional label. It is well to realise (and there are two sides to this argument) that we are often compelled to ascribe moral qualities to aesthetic things and *vice versa*. We call a building noble or a character beautiful; we evince aesthetic repugnances to human folly and frailty. So, if a symphony is felt as sublime, there must be more behind its ideas than merely meets the ear. And though it is well to avoid alike the maelstrom of a dogmatic aesthetic and the volcano of a doctrinaire ethic, it is equally important to ensure that one's craft of musical appreciation is not wrecked in the shallows of journalese descrip-

tion, such appreciation as Tschaikowsky tempts to in the *Pathétique* and Berlioz in the *Fantastic*, where tricks of wording proper to the scare poster or to the splash headings of the news sheets, make the programme-notes banal and the music seem either melodramatic or nonsensical. In both works the flesh can be made creep before the music as music is absorbed. Perhaps it is partly the composers' fault. Each of the symphonies just named provides a spook and the programme writer cannot resist this "scoop." Even the conductor may be led astray: displaying the skill of his instrumentation rather than letting the composer give his own emphasis to the already sufficiently tone-emphasised works. We shall do well, then, to bring a sceptical though just (and even sympathetic) ear to the composition whose author invites us to see him wear his heart upon his sleeve or who, conversely, will have nothing to say to emotion but seeks to influence judgment by disdaining every appeal to suggestion or simile and offers us no clue in an approach to his edicts in atonality, save musical structure alone, a categorical imperative with no key signatures! For he, too, however aesthetic his outlook, is also a human being and it is allowable to harbour the suspicion that his humanity is not wholly irrelevant to his art. Though rejecting a naturalistic base for music, then, we may remember the saying of Saint Beauve, that a work of art is a fragment of nature viewed through the medium of a temperament. Very unlike as these "fragments" may appear, they must have some marks of similitude. Diverse temperaments will express themselves in varying musics and these may have but little in common beyond the uniting fact that the dream, vision, experience of the composer reaches him in sound and is transmitted by him to others (and received by them) as organised sound, if not aurally then inwardly. It may thus even occur that one musician's day dream is another's nightmare—so long certainly as his more remote and impalpable structures remain indiscernible by those to whom they are confided. But if, ultimately, the dream is found to be veridical, if it really "occurred" and was not merely factitiously and fictitiously elaborated, it becomes convincing to scrupulous and sensitive auditors and a second element, besides the common factor of sound as the basis of transmission, will link it to all other music. It becomes a mediating influence, binding him who absorbs to him who composes, psyche to psyche. For if music is not essentially a sub-

limitation of phantasy, the wilful and fictional play of superficial emotion, or a transliteration into sound of actualities, reflecting the mere light of common day, or an aural interpretation of the same harmonies which painting and sculpture plan for the eye, or the reiteration in another medium of the rhythms poetry constructs in its acts of creation; if it is not a physical embodiment of psychical activities, like the staged dance, or a symbology of the interplay of character with events, like drama, we are the more strongly impelled by these negatives to search for the source of its profound influence on the human spirit into the shy recesses of that psyche itself. It is clear that the artistries enumerated do not exhaust or fully penetrate the meanings of music and a reason for this may be found in the fact that these arts influence consciousness largely through concrete imagery and symbol, which music does not use. She does not bid our frail thoughts dally with false surmise but ventures on affirmations, the bolder in sweep and wider in significance because they avoid the limitations of the known, make no assumptions and speak only in a form of speech which does not, like language, originate in the needs of living or, like most artistry, evolve itself from nature. We are forced, then, to look within those aspects of being which give us essences or abstracts of feeling, sentiment, passion, the soils and subsoils of art.

To justify a conjecture which may not be self-explanatory to some types of mind would need too detailed illustration for the close of this article and perhaps for the reader's patience, but it is consonant with some old and certain new philosophies. Thus Royce, dealing with "the Absolute's simultaneous apprehension of all time," as cited in *An Outline of Modern Knowledge* (p. 562) and J. Ward, meditating on "psychical beings (monads) of all grades . . . those higher than human minds and those lower whose co-operation leads to creative synthesis" (*Op. cit.* p. 565), both find similitudes in melody, an asseveration of reality recognised in a sequence of notes. Conversely, Schopenhauer seems to anticipate a similar conclusion when he makes his ardent guess that "music may be that heartfelt joy with which we listen to the speech of our deepest inmost self," an implication startlingly like Beethoven's challenging assertion, "he who understands my music will rise above the misery of existence." If not a clue to music in general, this is a clear clue to Beethoven's own. As Professor

Dent writes in *Terpander*, Beethoven had "the philosopher's intuition of his relation to humanity and of humanity's relation to the universe" in his *Choral Symphony*. Sensitive listeners will also find it in the other eight, the quartets and the sonatas. Such intuition includes sorrow as well as joy, but sorrow de-personalised, deepened, raised above the particular and accidental. There, remote from the field of casual events, misadventures will be remembered in the mood in which one thinks back on the far-removed griefs of childhood.

To experience music in so intimate a relationship one needs to live with the great masters. To these music revealed itself as the effort of the human psyche to interpret and comment on its own inner universe, generalised by the mind and though remaining concrete, embodying itself in melody, harmony and, for contrast, dissonance. But in considering these psychical disclosures as abstracts of human feeling, it is important to realise that they do not reach the ear *in abstractu*. Clothed in radiant or sombre vestures of form, they embody feeling dynamically, moving from note to note, from bar to bar, and phrase to phrase through each subject in a movement, each movement in a symphony, to work out in sound a completed phase of a composer's inspiration. To understand his interlinked work in its whole is to understand him, to attain insight into not biographical details but the human spirit itself. Listening to discourse of cello and piano in Beethoven's No. 70 one is aware that the two voices are giving us vital experiences, through question and answer, denial and affirmation, and when hope and courage reassert their sway we recognise how right is Schopenhauer's judgment that "music is the speech of feeling as language is of reason." It is thus that the Will finds its home in the Idea.

# TWO RUSSIAN POETS

*By Blanaid Salkeld*

CONSTANTINE BALMONT and Valeri Bryusov were at one time looked upon as the chief pillars of Symbolism among Russian poets, a good deal because they were imbued with the spirit of western poetry, and so expressed something that was strange and new to their countrymen. Balmont has translated all Shelley's works, and Bryusov's imagination is thought to have been greatly influenced by Edgar Allan Poe. Mirsky speaks of their poetry as 'tawdry.' Un-Russian it is, certainly.

Yet, Balmont has music, and a delicate sensibility. He creates for us the magical atmosphere about melancholy marshes, with perhaps a forgotten bridge flung broken, across—and beyond, a spray of stars against quiet skies, innocently veiling storms; he reveals to us the silent forms of ghostly fishes under sombre waves; a drowned man's face lit up by the moon; eerie lights kindled among the whispering reeds.

Bryusov's art is more concentrated; he is more intellectual, and also more human.

Balmont was born in 1867. Bryusov was born in 1873. The latter continued to write under the Soviet until his death a few years ago.

The appearance of Alexander Blok (1880-1921), the greatest Russian poet since Pushkin, and whose genius is indubitably native, showed the earlier poets in their true perspective.

The following few translations—though a very inadequate selection—may help to show how Balmont and Bryusov differ from each other.

From Balmont:

## *A FAIRY AT WORK.*

In a Fairy's palace were congregated  
Little beetles and little flies,  
That had got themselves intoxicated  
With dew-drops on the camomile.

They set to buzz and whirr and boom  
 In a spider-web's neat portico,  
 As though they were met in a store-room,  
 Instead of a palace *comme-il-faut*.

They all complained, and the theme was fixed  
 By all together the whole way through—  
 That the camomile had poison mixed  
 To spoil their drink, in the morning dew.

An old fly started after that  
 Abusing a gnat that had made too free :  
 " He says I am old—the brazen gnat ! "  
 And the little old fly wept bitterly.

The Fairy couldn't help but hear.  
 She tripped in, very cool and pert :  
 " I'm tired to death of your presence here."  
 " I'll be rid of you—with your noise and dirt ! "

She whispers a word in the spider's ear ;  
 She points to etherial easy-chairs :  
 " Spread out your web on that branch, my dear.'  
 " I have to attend to my own affairs."

He started to spin, with never a shadow  
 Of hesitation—as spiders do.  
 While the Fairy hurried off to the meadow,  
 To test for herself the morning dew.

### THE CHILD.

Enquires, the child with gracious curls of light :  
 " I follow you,—whom do you follow after ? "  
 The herbs of Spring about us flower bright—  
 And to the child I turn with stifled laughter :  
 " I follow verses, and they follow—why,"  
 " The wind, the flowers, and that game being done,"  
 " They follow yonder shining butterfly."—

- “ But, these all follow ? ”—“ Why, the blessed sun.”—  
—“ And the sun follows ? ”—“ The sun follows darkness.”—  
—“ The glad sun follows darkness ? That’s not so ! ”  
“ I think you’re only jesting ; you—are horrid ! ”  
O, heavy with honey the meadow flowers blow !

*THE GOLD FISH.*

They were dancing in the castle,  
The musicians were playing ;  
Light swings, a rustle  
In the garden was swaying.

In the castle, in enchantment,  
Thrilled, thrilled the fiddle ;  
In a pond, in contentment,  
A gold fish was swimming.

And under the moon,  
In patterned delight,  
Spun, drunken with Spring,  
The sweet moths of night.

The pond rocked a star,  
The long grass was bowing ;  
And through the pond, there,  
The fish darted, glowing.

Although the musicians  
Did not see her, nor guessed—  
’Twas the gold fish’s image,  
The music expressed.

Scarce had dark fallen,  
When the gold fish anew,  
Amid the gay dancers,  
Flashed into view.

## THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

The fiddles play swifter,  
 The vibrant songs ring ;  
 Within hearts love whispers,  
 And smiling is Spring.

" I wait ! "—bright, unsteady,  
 Is eye to eye turning—  
 Because—in the pond there,  
 The gold fish is burning.

And from Bryusov :

*O toi que j'eusse aimé, O, toi qui le savais !*  
*Baudelaire (A une Passante).*

Those brief meetings of chance  
 In the city streets !  
 The stray glance—  
 Swift lashes' speech !  
 On a wild moment's crest,  
 Caught up—we two.  
 Hushed strife in breast :  
 " Who are you ? "—" And you ? "  
 In a look expressed.  
 I cry : " Be mine ! "  
 She promises.  
 But the moment fine  
 Slips off unbidden.  
 Soon, in the crowd  
 She is hidden.  
 Perhaps all desire, though,  
 (It may so prove)  
 Has not been experienced now—  
 Nor all love ?

## ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

ORPHEUS.

I hear your tender step . . . I hear . . .  
 Your gentle step, I hear, behind.  
 We go the stubborn way, the drear,  
 The pallid way from death to life.

## EURYDICE.

You must lead—and I am bound  
To follow—I am bound, in faith.  
Before my eyes—the black cloud,  
Shroud, darksome pall of death.

## ORPHEUS.

Up the stairs—up, all the way.  
To sound, to light: the sun will prove  
This blindness false, that dims your gaze.  
Yonder, awaits you Orpheus' love.

## EURYDICE.

I smile not, smile not, spouse and friend.  
Brother, I waft along, a shade . . .  
You lead a shadow. How to end  
This hoping, from the start betrayed?

## ORPHEUS.

O, at the threshold you will meet,  
Like me—believe my heart—the Spring.  
I, to the lyre pledged, all my sweet  
Harvest of song for you will sing.

## EURYDICE.

How can your deepest songs surpass  
The mystery of Silence, known?  
How Spring amaze me, once that was  
In fields, with asphodels sweet-sown?

## ORPHEUS.

Nay, in the meadow, call to mind  
How dear the song—the dance how gay.  
How later, love's shy secrets, kind  
Darkness of night prolonged till day.

## THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

EURYDICE.

Dead heart—unheaving breast—how lend  
 To warm embrace? . . . Chill . . . out of reach . . .  
 Though I've still dreams in mind,—poor friend,  
 I cannot understand your speech.

ORPHEUS.

You have forgotten? All is lost?  
 Still thrills in me each warm embrace.  
 From my desire—though you're a ghost—  
 No grave can cover up your face.

EURYDICE.

Of old-time happiness, poor friend,  
 And love—a gentle dream endures.  
 But darkness, that makes all things end,  
 From me your pallid face obscures.

ORPHEUS.

"Then, look"—and deeply gazes he . . .  
 The dark void holds pale Orpheus' cry:  
 "Eurydice. Eurydice." . . .  
 And ghostly echoes groan reply.

## THE FRIENDS

Three women, dirty and drunken,  
 Embrace, and set off for a saunter.  
 The gloomy belfries totter,  
 The crosses bow on the churches.  
 Their incoherent converse  
 Sounds like hoarse singing;  
 The idle cabmen are smiling;  
 Passers-by stare rudely.  
 They walk on, dirty and drunken,  
 Sing songs—and abuse each other.  
 And sorrowfully the gloomy churches  
 Bow before them, with their crosses.

While paying due homage to Balmont and Bryusov as pioneers, the critics all seem to agree in considering Innocent Annensky (1856-1909), Theodor Sologub (b. 1863), and Vyacheslav Ivanov (b. 1866) to be immeasurably greater artists. I may have an opportunity of dealing with them later.

# DISAPPOINTMENT IN THE EAST

By Mario M. Rossi

THE Canal of Corinth. An ugly narrow ditch which is filled with the smoke from our ship. No supporting walls! the ground is crumbling in many places . . . We are sailing slowly. But ahead of us, at the Canal's mouth, the sun is rising.

Are we really going towards the east?

At the exit of the canal, the immense bay-profiles of islands, the mountains of Argolis, the low banks—quiet in the early light. The seagulls, indefatigable companions of ships, devote themselves to aviatorial displays, their morning Swedish gymnastic perhaps. The ship palpitates in a slow, serene fashion, like a heart suspended in the azure. Something is also moving feebly within me: it follows the beating of the engine, forms in the air an invisible track. A track which extends towards the east.

On the low shore, a café. One of the inevitable oriental cafés. Even at dawn, motionless people at the tables: cigarette smoke. A donkey goes calmly by under an enormous load . . . Everything seems the same, hour after hour, day after day; it seems that it must so continue *ad infinitum*. The roof of the café is falling into ruin—for how long has it been like that?—and the clothes of its clients are a construction held together by I know not what strings. Since when? since when?

*This* is the East. But I need the compass to be sure that I am really going towards the sun. Each time that the ship alters its course, I feel as if I were in danger of missing an important appointment, or had been robbed of something. And I breathe a sigh of relief when the quadrant points again towards the east.

And so on, and so forth. Across the decanted, the too decanted Aegean. Athens: a great cloud of yellow dust on the city which disappears in the meridian heat, and at midnight the lights of Syra which seem hanging down from the sky, and the peddlars who in the darkness board the ship to sell gelatines and doubtful *lukumá*. The sweetish taste in the mouth, the intense perfume which evokes the too bright colours of the carpets, a wind loaded with suggestions, the lights on the water. Everything in disorder—here a corner of another world, and there the cheap luxury of the most middle-class houses that I know.

Oriental carpets on disjointed pavements, gold teeth in the mouths of ragged individuals, and the perfumed *lukumá* in the large cardboard boxes, with their crude print. Has the Orient, perhaps, no existence? I feel by no means certain. To perceive it at all requires a strong prejudice. And with the opposite prejudice, one will never see anything of the Orient. Everything is so mixed that even after many weeks at Smyrna I find it difficult to come to any conclusion.

It is true that Smyrna is only the "near East," as the English style it—the east that is nearest to our cold and simple land. But I would like to be certain of having reached a new place, *another* place, with which to confront my old European soul, and where I could feel a changed wind and new odours of the earth and sea. Everything, on the contrary, seems common and dully familiar. A country almost dispeopled, dusty and with disjointed streets.—But too many people have spoken about the Orient!

Who searches for the signs of the East, feels that he is not an explorer but rather a painstaking archaeologist who has to disinter from a mass of vulgar things common to all the world, from a cover of obsolete European superstructures, a world spoken of in books. And not even a world, but only traces of a past world, elusive signs: an excess of furrows on the visage of an old man, unexpected filth, a voice too shrill, slightly falsetto . . . Alas! the Italian that is spoken here, with the monochord musicality of the psaltery—this Italian pervaded with streaks of every foreign harmony, and interrupted by unexpected searches for a lost word.

These things also are eastern: but only as hints of an exile, as glimpsed realities. Yesterday I encountered in a suburb, almost with a sense of liberation, a line of hairy camels, with their indifferent visages, bound one after the other from their seemingly metallic necks to a little ass about a span's height on which a bedraggled camel-driver rode with rhetorical elegance.

Nevertheless I am again assailed by doubt. I would almost like to experience once more the shiverings of Macedonian fever, and to persuade myself that here I cannot live, in order to be quite certain that this is not European land. Where shall I look that I may forget Europe, that I may see the East?

I stroll through the bazaar, turn this way and that, being menaced at every instant by carriages drawn by pairs of nervous horses: the vehicles graze the shop signs, tear off awnings, and a

policeman whistles desperately. He has no success : but the children who are running about alone in the middle of the street are miraculously safe, and the shopkeepers emerge out of the disorder of their stalls to shout into my ears fabulous riches—which fail to seduce me because fortunately they are praised in Turkish.

A purchase begins in this way, in the centre of the street. The passer by, who seems to have no particular object in view, enters into conversation with the crier of wares, and the crier consigns him to a shop clerk who guides him to the threshold, and thence the boss with a torrent of words and promises of incredibly low prices and untold of bargains (?) conducts him into the recesses of his establishment, gathers together from here and there articles which have little or nothing to do with the true or supposed desires of the customer who finally emerges from the stuffs, from the shoes, from the hats without having bought anything—and proceeds to encounter the aggression of the crier of wares from the next shop . . . The Orient understands advertising in this way, as a street assault.

The omnibus also advertise with an analogous system : they wait at the corner of the piazza, with the chauffeur and the conductor shouting out the prices and the destinations until every place is taken. . . . Then they start—ready to stop at the first signal, the conductor continuing all the while to shout out his advertisement. And when he has to retire to collect the fares, his post is occupied by a species of helper—a ragged cunning rascal who places himself at the window in order to shout in a higher octave, desperately. When anyone is seen standing still at a corner, or going in the same direction, the omnibus stops and the conductor enquires of him whether he will not profit by this excellent opportunity of saving his footwear.

There are not many advertisements on the walls, which is pleasing and much more tidy. But what shoutings !

This people, it seems, have a need of an infinity of little things. They must always be polishing their shoes : and shoe-blacks move about everywhere carrying on their shoulders small cases adorned with bronze engravings. They always need water : and wherever you go, you suffer always the tinkling of the tumblers which the water-sellers beat together continuously in order to announce their presence, their backs bent under a reservoir

covered with white linen. Above all, it seems, the Oriental must have grain to munch : and at every instant the sellers of fresh grain push their merchandise under one's nose (" tazé badém ! "), or from some corner comes to one the smell and the invitation of the sellers of dried maize, bent on their little portable braziers. And porters are everywhere, with the secular stuffing on their backs for carrying weights which is strangely made in the form of two horns which find support on the shoulders and end in a cushion on the back.

In the meantime, from an office on the first floor, descends the rapid tacking of a typewriter, and a creaking motor car pursues the carriage that precedes it, hooting desperately.

Children playing in the centre of the street—strangely clean and tidy they are—and little boys who sell everything that there is to be sold, men in eternal idleness, women dressed in European fashion (according to the standards of our *sérvant-girls*), and women with the *ciarciàf* : the black coat, the black mantle which covers the shoulders down to the waist and the head down to the forehead, whence falls on the faces a black gauze, which is usually lifted in the city, but lowered in the countryside.

Perhaps only that mosque is purely eastern, majestic even though lost in the disorder of the bazaar, among the shops redundant with illusory luxuries, among the little *café* tables which insinuate themselves at every angle and flood the whole piazza among the trees and the low awnings,—the mosque, like all mosques, white and blue with a minaret and a cypress near by. They are all thus,—but why the cypress ?

There is perhaps a significance in the solitary cypress which accompanies the minaret everywhere, perhaps the equation of the Orient.—And I lose myself in contemplating the point of the minaret as if it were the needle of a spiritual compass, and it alone pointed, desperately towards the East.

Before the door through which go and come people so ragged that one does not recognise their dress as either eastern or European, is a bank of booths ! Alas ! these elegant, *too* elegant Arabian characters ! A priest, a turban on his head, takes up the volumes one after the other, turns the pages over and is evidently quite interested . . . . Beggars go to drink at the ablution founts.

I enter the vestibule of the mosque, watching the faithful

who carefully wash their hands, feet and faces before entering to pray to their God : their bodies at least are clean. . . .

I take off my shoes and divest myself of many prejudices. The great many coloured carpets give me a sensation of pleasing repose, of calm and of peace. A vast light falls from the large windows. The great hall is empty. Facing me is the niche which marks the direction of Mecca. In an angle, against the wall, one of the faithful is sleeping under the protection of God. Someone on his knees before a low reading desk, is reading the incomprehensible hieroglyphics in a low voice.

I lean against a column. I feel the presence of God, but veiled and distant as if behind a closed door. The whole space is full of this invisible and for me insensible Presence. I look with envy on the last worshipper who has come to make his prayer and who will soon be, the very man himself, face to face with the One.

He stands erect, crosses his arms on his breast ; lowers his head. His lips move in the formula of consecration.—Then of a sudden he prostrates himself, with his brow against the ground. The Hand is upon him. . . . He rises with a single gesture ; erect on the point of his feet, he murmurs again the sacred words. Then he casts himself once more upon the ground, as if the breath of the Angel had abased him—abased the humanity in him, his reality, his life—and had on his head which touches the pavement, the flame of eternity.

The setting sun floods the luxurious carpets with fresh purple. The man, having completed his prayer, crouches placated, in an immense weariness,—a weariness due to the sacred exercise, or to the great heights to which his soul has risen, and he cannot now regain contact with this empty and humble earth. . . .

The mullah continues to murmur in his corner. The setting sun bathes in a purple stripe the sacred niche.

Painfully, with the uncertainty of one who does not believe and who does not know, I think of God.

# LIGHTNING

*By L. MacManus*

THE gardens had once been large, but they had been neglected for many years. The forest had come down and saplings grew where flower-borders, smooth swards and paths had been, closing round the marble statue of Hermes, though a little circle had been kept clear from pine-needles as the owner of the villa at times paced about it in a happy and leisurely mood.

He sat now in the courtyard of the villa, a sturdy and somewhat heavy bodied man, with a red smooth face, his sandaled feet planted on the mosaic floor, an open parchment roll across his knees; the September sunlight sending a shortened shadow of his round vine-clad head and broad shoulders on the red-brown hair, lengthened face and staring eyes formed of mosaics, which pictured the goddess Minerva on the wall behind him.

He had had an experience at the thought of which he shuddered. But for nineteen years he had lived quite pleasantly with his books and sufficient food though no longer of a kind that his epicurian tastes might have desired, attended by two slaves. Rumours of the devastations of provinces had once or twice reached him, but none of the outside turmoil had come near.

An uncle who had been killed in the war preceding what had seemed the end of the world, had left him his heir, bequeathing him the villa beyond the Appennines, to which he fled, and where he recovered his soul's poise. He was in fact a man, who, except for that one devastating day, was not easily alarmed, and it was evidence of his lazy, even temperament that he could sometimes steep himself in oblivion.

Only once in the course of the nineteen years had the philosophy of Quintus Flaccus been disturbed, and that was two years after his arrival at the villa. Not deeply; no root of belief was shaken; merely he felt some annoyance that men should be fools. As he stood one day before the marble figure of the god eager with its message from Olympus, eternally hastening, eternally arrested, he heard a strong voice crying in the forest and rapid feet coming, and saw through the twilight of the trees a tall fair man running, his long red hair about his face and beating in wild strands on his rent purple cloak, his face that of a warrior flying from battle defeated, pursued, his eyes filled with woe and fear. And Quintus Flaccus thought of Rome and that Day, and for a

moment horror seized him, then he recovered and held himself like a man.

The figure paused, bent, and gathering leaves and mud, hurled them on the god. "Worshipper of devils!" he cried, "Cast your gods away as I have cast away my crown! that I may do penance for my sins!—I am Pharamond, King of the Franks, who have found the true God! I fly from men! I fly from the sunlight vowed to darkness! I, Pharamond, King of the Franks!"

Then the wild figure had rushed on, and going through the forest, climbed the sides of mountains, and his kingdom saw him no more.

But the incident was long forgotten as Quintus Flaccus sat in the golden stillness of the courtyard. He was in a placid and cheerful mood as he read the Ode. It was short, and he lightly philosophized over the lines. Not till he had heard thunder from a cloudless sky, thunder that shook the universe, had Horace believed in the gods. The pagan soul of Quintus Flaccus was interested, as it always was whenever he read the Ode. It was one hundred and more years since Constantine had borne the Cross into Rome. But in their palaces many of the old patricians kept apart from the hope of slaves, and among them had been his great-grandfather, whose son and his sons held to their household gods and the greater divinities of Olympus. Their paganism had mellowed and thinned in the heir of the third generation. It was the old belief of gentlemen, but whether the gods lived or not mattered little. He philosophized should he, like Horace, pause and listen if a peel came from that cloudless sky above him. Should he climb again to the white heights of Olympus?—It was time for his wine. Gallus delayed.

A magnificent blue dragon-fly alighted upon the scroll and remained still for a moment under the pink dome of the palm as Quintus Flaccus's hand paused above it. Then gleaming sapphire and gold, dangerous as death, it floated away.

A shadow was thrown on the tesslated courtyard, and the chief slave approached. An elderly man with thick red hair turning grey, and clear brown eyes and handsome features. He carried a cup of wine round which a spray of autumn leaves turned rose and gold was twined. Quintus Flaccus took the cup, tasted the wine, and looked up at his slave.

"Gallus," he said, "the wine may not have poison that will kill me, but it has that that will make my stomach sore. It is sour."

"Master," the man answered, "the wine-cask is empty."

"Then replenish it. Depart to the merchant with his price within the hour. The journey will take you a week."

"It is impossible, master."

The equable Quintus Flaccus brought his eyes on his slave.

"And why, since it is my command?"

"Because, master, between this city where the wine is sold and the outskirts of the western forest a fresh horde of barbarians has passed."

"These tidings, how did they reach you?"

"Through Catus, who at my bidding went to get fresh wine."

"Call him hither."

The order was obeyed, and the second slave came. He was between thirty and forty, tall, with lean muscular limbs; his servile dress was torn. Round his ankles were rutted red marks that told where iron chains had once been. Quintus Flaccus surveyed him for some moments as if arrested by something in his appearance.

"What is that on your upper lip, Catus? And what is that like a penthouse hanging on your brow?"

"It is hair, master."

"Twenty years ago my freedman, Servillus, bought you from a fresh batch of barbarian captives in the market at Rome. You wore your hair like the frontal wisp of a wild horse, and on your youthful chin yellow hairs were sprouting. The hair was cropped. Your chin plucked. Is it true what Gallus tells me?"

"It is true."

"I am tired of rumours. Many rumours have reached me in these nineteen years, but these woods have heard no harsher cry than that of a wolf."

"Catus, tell the master what you saw."

"As I stood in the way among the sheltering branches of an oak, I saw a cohort pass. They did not see me. Then there came a Roman when they had gone by, and the man had fear on his face, and he said fire and sword had been in the city. And I delayed in the wood to see if more would follow, and others

fleeing from those heroes' swords, said the warriors and their king had gone to the mountains, taking spoil and captives, and slaying."

"You speak as if this story pleases you, Catus. When Alaric sacked Rome, at my command I bade you follow me to the temple of the Christians, and thus saved your life."

"I hated Rome! I sang a song in praise of Alaric's sword."

"Had I known, I would have thrust you back to his sword, but I pitied your youth, and had you dragged to the church of the Christians when we fled there for safety. These fresh hordes, are they Goths or Vandals?"

"They are tall warriors led by their king. They have conquered all before them. The city is no more. Fire and sword and battle-axe have been there. They are passing into the mountains. Great warriors they are!"

"What was your barbarian name when you were brought a captive to Rome?"

"Cinath, son of Oliol."

"Of the Lombards or the Suevians?"

"I followed my father, a chief of his people, across Muir-n Icht, from Scotia, and in the raid he was killed. And I avenged his death, and was captured."

Quintus Flaccus took up the cup he had laid down, and poured the wine on the ground. "A libation to the gods," he said to himself, "And if the gods are may they pardon the offering." He waved a hand to the slaves as a sign for them to depart. Then he read in the scroll as if what he had heard did not concern him.

An hour later the shadow of his chief slave fell again on the mosaic in front of his fleshy sandalled feet. He looked up. His hairless eyebrows knitted.

"Master, I bring news."

The man knitted brows unknitted. "If of a vintage, Gallus, it is well, but I forbid to have my ears offended by rumours." The tone was one of cheerful contempt. "How often, Gallus, have I not heard them, and pitied men their credence."

"Master, Catus has gone."

"He shall be whipped. But I forget, my family is small. Will you depart, too, Gallus? I free you."

The man knelt down and kissed his master's feet. "My father lived beyond the Hercynian forest," he said. "But I was born in your family, and I love you, Quintus Flaccus."

The Roman smiled easily. "Well, depart, and do your work." And he bent over the scroll again. Undisturbed in mind, he read, and reading forgot what he had heard.

An hour passed; he looked up suddenly. Trumpets were in the forest.—No! in the sky. His eyes went higher. A slender white cloud, shaped a glistening banner, lay spread against the lowest folds of the illimitable sapphire veils of the sky. The sun still held the glory of it all.

He listened. That high tremendous peal was thunder, thunder in the gleaming blue. Then his eyes winked, closed an instant, opened in all speed to see the spear hurled from Olympus. He saw its path cut through the heavens. He saw it circle as a vast blue scimeter to the east and strike the earth. Then he leant forward, elbow on knee, cheek on hand, and ruminated.

A wind went through the tops of the trees of the forest next day, leaving silence low down among the boles. Quintus Flaccus, reading in the court-yard, took no heed of the approach of Gallus.

"Master," said the servant, "I am going into the forest."

Quintus Flaccus looked up. The man carried a bow and a quiver of arrows. He had also a spear.

"Gallus, I gave you your freedom. Depart."

"Oh, master, I am still your slave. I go into the forest because there is no food in the villa, and I am about to seek it."

The Roman was silent. Once he had played with stoicism. His silence lasted some minutes. Then the scroll was rolled up, thrust into his bosom, and he rose.

"Bring me my cloak and my sword," he said, "I will go with you."

The command was obeyed, and master and slave set forth. At the statue of Hermes, Quintus Flaccus paused. A king, he remembered, fleeing from his kingship, had passed there once. Fool! Yet, perhaps, a wise man since the strokes of the gods fell more often on men of pride than on those that are humble. He had not feared Olympus. He had feared his sins. Folly! Or was it inner wisdom? Quintus Flaccus dwelt a moment on the question. Then he remembered the wine cup was empty, and the thought passed.

He turned away from the statue, and set his face to the east. Beyond where men had once cleared the ground and the new growth was young, the ancient forest closed round them. They met the twilight; they met the night, and the sun of the following

day. Hunger came to them ; and in time the forest gave them food. When he had eaten, Quintus Flaccus lay before the fire Gallus had kindled to cook the meat his spear had found. The ground rose here, and the forest thinning as it climbed a mountain spur, gave glimpses of the crest, open and bare, and of a ravine that slashed the mountain side, through which a rivulet gushed whence Gallus had brought a cup of water to his master. Half in mockery, the Roman had spilt a few drops as a libation to Pan ; and his thirst satisfied, had read, and fell asleep, awakening to find the day had gone.

The darkness grew into a dusky grey as climbing the ascent they saw stretching between the boles narrow golden paths coming over the crest, fenced by shadows, broken by shadows ; and met face to face as they reached the summit, a red moon, red as if sacrificial fires were being offered there. Near dawn, on a plateau between the peaks, Quintus Flaccus stood still and listened. Far off, as if seas were rolling in, he heard sounds like vast waves breaking, and the wind bellowing. Distant from some gorge they came, and as he listened his face grew white.

"It is the barbarians, master. See the dark forms coming through the pass."

A thousand men—ten thousand men winding down the slopes, issuing from a defile. The dawn showed the vanguard, battle-axes on shoulders, tall figures still draped by the passing night.

"Master, let us fly," said Gallus. "They come this way."

Something stirred within Quintus Flaccus bringing the blood back to his heart. He remembered that Day in Rome and Alaric and his hordes, and remembering drowned the memory in a new awakened spirit. A slave might fly ! not a Roman ! He would see these barbarians pass.

No man of that vanguard lifted his eyes to where he and his slave stood. To the front their gaze was fixed. No voice was heard amongst them ; the valley sent up the tread and the clang of their weapons. The storm that seemed to rage and shriek in the distance came nearer and broke into human voices, the tremendous lamentation of men, and poured into the valley. Within that dierge, the bier, guarded by spears and battle-axes, came Dathi, High-King of Erin, dead, slain by lightning.

The terrible death-song passed, entered a cleavage of the mountain, and the long ten-battle journey went onward from

Slieve Alpa across Gaul to the sea. When the sun's rays shot down on the trampled earth, Quintus Flaccus and his slave went into the gorge, and followed the way hammered by the soldiers' feet. They climbed a path beaten by those of votaries, widened and broken by the invaders, and at mid-day came to the overthrown and scattered stones of a tower where no slit had been through which light could enter and in whose darkness Pharamond, once King of the Franks, had done penance for his sins, covering his face when those who brought him food removed a stone to pass it in.

He stood now in ragged sackcloth, a dense mat of snow-white hair hanging to his thighs, the tangled strands of his beard knitted about his knee, his eyes like stones between unwinking lids; his arms outstretched, his great withered hands with grey terrible talons that were nails flapping as if wings, while his lips moved through the thicket of hair, and his soundless prayer ascended.

Near him, groaning, knelt a tonsured man, and lower on the slope among the stones, killed by a block when the soldiers had torn the tower down, lay the broken body of Catus.

"Roman"! cried the monk. "I have seen the judgment of Heaven! I saw the sacrilegious king slain by lightning. Terrible were those men. More terrible than the hordes of Alaric, he, who spared the Christians in the churches. Outer heathens! Hell-condemned barbarians! Destruction and death follow them! The dead king's son cried out in a voice as if a trumpet shook the mountain, and what he said I knew not till he, who lies there dead, who knew the barbarous tongue, shouted, 'Hail, King! True are your words! We shall return! We shall conquer! We shall return!' Woe! Woe! who shall change the hearts of the pagans of Cis Alpine? Who shall teach them of Christ? Learning is lost. The tongue and the wisdom of Greece will be forgotten if these sons of destruction leave icy Ierne again!"

Slowly, silently philosophizing, Quintus Flaccus turned away, and retracing his steps into the valley went westward across the plateau and through the forest to where the ashes of the fire lay. Some wild thing had scattered them like snow over the black-green moss upon which he had slept, and half playing with the idea, half believing, he took the sight for a good augury.

"Gallus," he said, "A god has spoken. We shall go back to the villa, and your bow and spear shall give us food."

# ASENATH NICHOLSON

*By J. M. Hone*

**I**T was in the summer of 1844 that a widow, by name Asenath Nicholson, stood upon the deck of the good ship "Brooklyn," and watched the last spires of New York recede in the distance. Her last earthly tie with America had been severed. Not a soul on board, excepting the captain, knew her name. None knew her mission in Europe. But she was bound for Ireland, and she carried with her a large quantity of books.

Thirty-one days took the "Brooklyn" into the Channel, and in seven days more the ship was in the dock at Liverpool. At the Customs Asenath Nicholson had little to declare. She wore spectacles and india rubber shoes, and carried a carpet bag and many parcels. She showed her books to the customs-officer, and stated that they were for gratuitous distribution among the poor Irish. The officer wished that they were thousands more, and would charge her nothing. Agreeably surprised, the plainly dressed widow repaired to the Irish steam-packet which sailed in those days from Liverpool, not as now from Holyhead.

She did not reach the Irish port of Kingstown until five the next evening, for the packet was delayed by the tide. The great sight at Kingstown was then the comparatively modern monument to King George IV. She visited this while awaiting for her train to the city, and duly inspected the prints of the royal shoes cut in marble at the foot. She then proceeded along the nine miles to Dublin in the same train which has but recently enchanted Mr. Guedalla. But Mr. Guedalla missed the imprint of the royal shoes, which, alas, is but seldom examined now-a-days either by visitors or by residents of the marine locality.

Asenath Nicholson soon gave evidence of a certain outlook which was likely to lead her into some embarrassing situations in the Ireland of 1844. She carried letters of introduction to members of a section of Irish society who would find it difficult to understand her combination of Republican and Protestant principles. Even as she gazed on the royal monument at Kingstown, there was derision, not respect, in her inward comment, as she read the names of the lords and ladies engraved thereupon. Too many Irish Protestant aristocrats, she knew already, never crossed the threshold of the Irish poor, and would be scandalised by her democratic New

England simplicities, by her hatred of strong drink, and her want of the gold ring and the goodly apparel. She was predisposed in favour of the unfortunate and the outcast ; and she recalled with emotion the emigrant Irish of New York, a suffering people but patient, cheerful and of happy wit. She had come to Ireland now, claiming no authority either from Pope or Anglican prelate, to read the Bible to the same peasantry in their homes by the way-side and on the bogs.

She lodged in Dublin for a few days, and in that time called on the Catholic Archbishop, Dr. Murray, on a leading temperance reformer, and on a family of high rank belonging to the Established Church. The Archbishop failed to give her the hearty welcome which she expected of an Irishman ; he extended to her the tips of two fingers only. The temperance reformer was positively discouraging. He warned her that if she had come to see the poor, the rich would say many bad things about her. The young lady of the " first society " upon whom she called, opened the conversation thus, " I must be candid in saying I do not like Americans, for they make no distinction of rank, and eat with the servants."

She left Dublin, and spent many months roaming all over Ireland. The only county that she did not visit was Cavan. She penetrated on foot, and often with but a few pence in her pockets, into the most remote places on the bogs and in the mountains. She would commonly lie of nights on a bed of straw in the poorest cabins.

O'Connell, still at the height of his power, had just been released from prison ; and there were great rejoicings and much talk of Repeal. Asenath Nicholson was not much interested in Repeal, and she had premonitions of the disaster of the Famine which was about to fall upon Ireland. Like Walter Savage Landor, she compared the Liberator very unfavourably with Father Mathew. While in Kerry she called at Derrynane : O'Connell was away from home, and a housekeeper of forbidding aspect, after giving her bread and cheese, turned her out in the wind and the rain on a walk of five miles to the nearest town across the mountains. Her evidence in one respect at least favoured O'Connell, whose property was at that time being subjected to a visit from the Special Commissioner of the *Times* with a view to holding him up as a bad landlord. She reported

that the rents of the mountain land about Derrynane were much lower than many she had observed elsewhere.

In Kilkenny the people were tidily dressed ; the men in blue coats, corduroy breeches and blue stockings ; whilst a blue petticoat with a printed dress, coarse shoes and blue stockings, constituted the dress of the women. The habits of cooking and eating had not varied for two centuries ; the cabins and furniture had undergone little or no change ; the thatched roofs, the ground floors, the peat fires and clay chimneys all were an inheritance from previous generations. Conditions varied in different places ; in Kilkenny the people were not so wretchedly poor as many, nor did they show signs of servility.

When Asenath Nicholson was in Waterford, a report spread that the Government was breaking the seals of all letters from America to Ireland, and retaining such as did not suit its views, Asenath Nicholson had had no answers to her own letters ; she was short of money and in perplexity. She was advised to call on a local magnate ; Sir William M——. would certainly consider her case, for he was kind and considerate, and a man of liberal opinions. Sir William was from home, at his summer lodge by the sea ; a long walk took Asenath Nicholson to the place. She was invited into the parlour by the gentleman himself. He peered over his spectacles, as she explained the object of her visit. Then he read her note of introduction, but returned it to her without comment. “ I may be keeping you from your dinner, Sir,” said she. “ I was taking lunch, Madam ; my dinner hour is at five.” His gaze seemed to add, “ I wish this insignificant woman would finish her story, and let me return to my lunch.” “ But do you know, Sir, and will you tell me whether you think this report is true ? ” Still no answer. Sir William took out his watch, and his visitor understood that it was the signal for her to depart. She had walked twenty miles for the pleasure of encountering this cold indifference.

Intruding later into the western preserves of the Protestant missions, she met with worse discourtesies. “ What brought you here ? ” a female evangelist enquired of her. “ I came to see the colony, and to hear of its progress and true conditions.” “ Let me tell you you came on very improper business.” “ I have not the least anxiety to change your opinions concerning myself.” She handed the missionary a note from a Protestant

clergyman. "This, said the missionary, handing her back the note, is, I suppose, from a Jesuit."

As a rule, and particularly when her interlocutor was a female, the little widow, with her rubber shoes and silver-mounted spectacles, could give as good as she got when she encountered rudeness. She was sensitive to rebuffs, but very responsive to kindness, such as was shown her by the humble; she was outspoken on matters that outraged her principles, such as the serving of wine in the houses of the clergy and the methods by which Bible Christianity was often promoted. Eightpence a day was a convert's wages in the Protestant colonies, and the Scriptures were inculcated by proxy only, lest if the people should learn to read, they should forget their proper station and their duty towards their betters.

Her own method of access to the Catholic poor was as follows: When she stopped at a town, or climbed the mountains, she got into easy conversation with other wayfarers, and these approaches usually ended with a reading from the Testament, which always she carried in her hand. It is odd; but notwithstanding her errand, she met with general friendliness from all sorts of Catholics, beginning with Father Mathew. The convents, schools, and mansions of the Catholics opened to her, as well as the cabins, whereas her Protestant sisters often frowned her away.

The *Achill Herald* of June, 1845, provides us with a curious notice of Asenath Nicholson's strange adventures. "During the last month," wrote the Editor, "this settlement was visited by a female who is travelling through the country. (We have traced her from Dingle to this place). She lodges with the peasantry, and alleges that her object is to become acquainted with Irish character. She produced a letter purporting to be addressed by a correspondent in America to a respectable person in Birmingham; but in answer to a communication addressed by the writer to that individual, he stated that he had no acquaintance with her, either personally or by letter."

"This stranger is evidently a person of some talent; and although the singular course which she pursues is utterly at variance with the modesty and retiredness to which the Bible gives a prominent place in its delineation of a virtuous female, she professes to have no ordinary regard for that Holy Book. It appears to us that the principal object of this woman's mission

is to create a spirit of discontent among the lower orders, and to dispose them to regard their superiors as so many unfeeling oppressors. There is nothing in her conduct to justify a suspicion of insanity, and, therefore, we strongly suspect that she is the emissary of some democratic and revolutionary society."

Asenath Nicholson published an account of her Irish experience under the title "Ireland's welcome to the Stranger." This was reprinted in the last few years by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton under the title of *The Bible in Ireland*, with an introduction by Mr. Alfred Sheppard, Mr. Joseph Sturge was the "respectable person in Birmingham," referred to by the *Achill Herald*. He had not seen the letter referred to at the time of the visit to Achill, but later on he entrusted Asenath Nicholson with money for the relief of Irish distress.

# WHAT IS 'SENSE'?<sup>1</sup>

By *Geraldine Hodgson*

MANY will agree with Mr. Sparrow that there should be sense in poetry ; indeed not a few among us have thought that long before his book appeared. It does not therefore follow that we are all agreed on what sense is. Has he even gone behind his plea, to ask himself—what does sense comprise ? Has he considered what are its contents, or what varieties of it, if any, exist ? These seem important questions. He twits some of his contemporaries with shallowness, but is he himself wholly immune from it ?

At the outset, the reader is led to suppose that 'sense' is to be taken as understood without any definition whatever. But his Introduction has only proceeded six pages on its way when it is seen that from a dictionary's wide explanatory choice Mr. Sparrow has taken one as a synonym,—the "unintelligible" ; surely a case of *ignotum per ignotius*, or, to be more precise, the vague by the vaguer.

The new term starts a fresh philosophic hare ; unintelligible to whom ? We seem to approach negation. If what is unintelligible to A, to B, to C thereby loses its quality of sense, is any sense left anywhere ? For any and every proposition of solid content is unintelligible, even in these educated days, to some one, possibly to many some ones.

Then there is the complication that something may be at once sense and not sense, if it be unintelligible to this man but not to that. Quagmires and wills-o'-the-wisp are easy going to such a state of affairs.

However it may be argued that this is a familiar condition ; some, in all ages, have understood a given statement, others have not. What is new, or appears to be, in Mr. Sparrow's attack is the putting of the onus not upon individual mortals, but on the proposition, to lay all the blame there. But, suppose the injured proposition further confuses the issue by wriggling away from bemused A to some understanding Z, and then complaining, in some fashion open to a proposition, that it appears to be scolded for A's muddled-headedness while foredoomed to forgo Z's consoling appreciation !

However, that is the kind of philosophical tangle in which the academic mind delights. So it is fortunate for the rest that Mr. Sparrow provides an escape by propounding a concrete case which can be argued. He writes quite unequivocally :

Two things have conspired to make the part played by the unintelligible in modern literature particularly large. First, advances in the science of psychology ; second, the experiments of French writers who sixty years ago explored the possibilities of suggestion in poetry (p. xv).

The psychologists may be left to look after themselves ; their sturdy infant, being still very young, should be safe in their nursing hands. Until recently, say, within forty years, though much psychological theory was tangled up with general philosophical thinking, it did not stand, much less gallop about, alone. When, at last it appeared in England as an independent entity, it excited so

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<sup>1</sup>*Sense and Poetry*, Essays on the Place of Meaning in Contemporary Verse, by John Sparrow, 1934.

much interest, that after the manner of children relieved of encumbering clothes, it made a good deal of noise, odd gestures, highly noticeable movements ; not all of which need be claimed as advances, unless perhaps backwards. Anyhow, Psychology is too vital a matter to be treated as an accessory to literary criticism ; it is, or should be, the business of highly trained specialists to fend its interests.

When we turn to Mr. Sparrow's second " thing," viz. to the French *Symbolistes*, and find him denouncing them as the parents of non-sense in poetry, then, he offers a concrete front for counter attack ; or rather he makes an attack which must provoke a defence ; defence too not on grounds purely literary, since the prerogatives of thought and being cannot be wholly excluded.

A reader ignorant of the meaning, long existence, importance of literary symbolism might suppose from Mr. Sparrow's criticisms that the French outburst of it in the mid-eighties had, like Topsy, no discernible origin, but mysteriously " grewed " ; whereas genuine symbolism is not, except for convenience of handling, a Movement at all ; it is a permanent factor in civilised life, a secular attempt, constantly waxing and waning with the perpetual shifting of human interest, to render one significant part of mortal experience into language. By this shifting of interest, by man's tendency to temporary preoccupation now with one and then with another part of the whole field of experience, an appearance of ' Movements ' is created. In fact, and broadly speaking, human experience is of two diverse sorts, material and non-material : though there is the *tertium quid* of diurnal, ordinary life wherein the two mingle, without losing their identity. What was noteworthy unusual in Nineteenth-century France was the sharp contrast and immediate sequence of two poetic moods ; the one, *La Parnasse*, essentially concrete, material, the other, *Le Symbolisme*, tenuous and non-material.

Both experiences, moods, universes of discourse, or whatever anyone likes to call them, were surely equally real, equally human, equally inescapable in the race's long story ?

Mr. Sparrow's references, in his second chapter on *Symbolism and Suggestion*, to various Critics, prove his awareness of many-sided views of his subject. He mentions two important contemporaries of the Movement, Brunetière and Faguet, —neither adverse to intrinsic Symbolism however severe to its vagaries ; he knows too and commends Arthur Symons' well-known book, though seemingly he missed the point of his fundamental pleas. Quite at the outset, of *Symbolisme's* " contents " Symons wrote :

after the world has starved its soul long enough in the contemplation and the rearrangement of material things, comes the turn of the soul : and with it comes the turn of the literature of which I write in this volume ; a literature in which the visible world is no longer a reality, and the unseen world no longer a dream. (2nd edit. p. 4).

Now, that is a just summary of the French *Symboliste* aim, or it is not. If it be, such strictures as Mr. Sparrow's—

Mallarmé and his followers . . . neglected intelligibility in the interests of art (p. xv.)

and

Mallarmé and Rimbaud are respected as the discoverers of the truth that nonsense has a value of its own (p. xvi.)

seem beside the mark. Again, his criticism indicates that he paid no heed to

a cognate matter, the relations of music, painting and literature, as for instance Baudelaire expounded them in classic pages of his *Salon de 1846* ; passages not without influence in the mid-eighties and onwards.

As at the beginning of his *Symbolist Movement in Literature*, Symons, in the passage quoted, dealt with *Symbolisme's* content, so towards the close he propounded the problem of rendering it in words. His Essay on Maeterlinck opens with his reference to

The secret of things which is just beyond the most subtle words.  
(p. 153.)

What solution can there be then save of recourse to suggestion so far, however small a way, as it can be made to serve ? But Mr. Sparrow gives suggestion the shortest shrift :

the endeavour of the Symbolists was to substitute suggestion for thought in literature. (p. 30.)

But how surprising, not to say impossible. Could the human mind conceive a more astonishing thing—to use our largest, vaguest word—than suggestion devoid of thought ?

It is no casual slip, for in his penultimate chapter, more than sixty pages further on, he writes :

until the advent of the Symbolists it had never been questioned that the communication of thought was part of their (the poets') aim, that they desired among other things to be understood, and that in the composition and in the appreciation of their work the intellect played a large, if not a leading, part. (p. 94.)

The appended footnote, whatever its relevance or otherwise, does nothing to justify this his denial of thought to the *Symbolistes*, any more than his comments on *la poésie pure* correct his insistence upon the "movement away from meaning." (p. 101.)

That some current poetry is devoid of all that is commonly signified by meaning is obvious ; that is not the point challenged here, but only Mr. Sparrow's claim that this deplorable vacuity is the offspring of French *Symbolisme*.

His use of words, where accuracy is above all things desirable if his view is to win its way, is surprising. As we were asking—What is sense, now, we must inquire—what is thought ? Though it has generally been held to be more than ratiocination, in this book it is hardly all of that.

Possibly, the quality which most widely disparts English and French literary criticism is the latter's careful analysis, its taste for unearthing justification for definite pronouncements. But Mr. Sparrow shuns definition of even his key words ; he will not help his hearers as *e.g.* François Porché does when he describes *le bon sens* :

par bon sens, nous entendons, non point cette grossière prétention de l'intelligence moyenne à vouloir imposer ses limites bourgeoises comme bornes de la pensée, mais la forme la plus éminente de la probité intellectuelle. . . . Le bon sens sait qu'il est des choses obscures . . . Point n'est question d'exprimer à tout prix en termes clairs ce qui ne peut être que suggéré . . . Mais où l'honnêteté se révolte, c'est quand il y a fraude, c'est à dire obscurité volontaire.

The reader is seized of the writer's exact intention and meaning. The matter is not merely literary; symbolism goes beyond, and trenches on the nature of being, therefore on philosophy.

Mr. Sparrow seems to demand throughout the region of the non-material all the precision, all the measuring and weighing common in estimating the concrete, material world. What then would be the plight of Poetry?—unable any more to say:

The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground,  
Yea, I have a goodly heritage.

If any one will turn to Ferdinand Brunetière's Essay on *Le Symbolisme contemporaine* (written in 1891), amongst much scathing criticism of scattered extravagances, he will find this passage:

Ce qu'ils ont encore mieux vu,—ou senti,—c'est qu'une esthétique naturaliste est encore et forcément plus superficielle qu'étroite. Ne pose t'elle pas, en effet, ce principe, ou, si l'on veut, ce sous-entendu qu'il n'y a rien derrière la nature? C'est ce qui n'est prouvé, ni probable. La nature n'est peut être qu'un déguisement ou qu'un voile. Qu, l'a jamais su? qui le saura jamais? . . . L'inconnaissable nous étreint. . . . Si nous réussissons parfois à en saisir quelque chose . . . nous y ajoutons de notre fonds à nous, les principes d'interprétations qu'elle ne contient pas. Et comment le pourrions nous, s'il n'y avait certainement aussi quelque convenance, quelque correspondance entre la nature et l'homme . . . un rapport secret du sensible et de l'intelligible?

There, is the philosophical substratum of genuine Symbolism, its underlying principle; which Mr. Sparrow seems to neglect.

Francois Porché, in his *Poètes français depuis Verlaine* (Paris 1929), a book already five years old, but with an unusually eventful and changing literary condition of nearly fifty years separating it from Brunetière's and Faguet's outlook, claimed:

Au Symbolisme revient le mérite d'avoir rendu, vers 1885, à la poésie française la préoccupation du mystère. . . . Le Symbolisme . . . n'a pas prétendu expliquer l'inexplicable, il a seulement dit qu'il était absurde, pour le poète d'ignorer l'inexplicable; absurde de penser, de sentir, d'imaginer comme si cette zone d'ombre, insondable peut-être mais infinie, n'existait pas. Le Symbolisme en somme a remis en honneur les questions sans réponse.

Though without tedious insistence, he is challenging two different but equally fallacious methods which have betrayed rationalists again and again: "rationalists" meaning here all those,—scientists, theologians or what not,—who when arguing leave their high estate and rely wholly on ascertained or assumed 'facts,' and on logical processes of drawing conclusions from them.

If we are to think to any purpose, doubtless we must assume some fundamental propositions; some such as,—a 'thing' cannot at once be and not be; even if we accept the limit of claiming no objective truth even for that, beyond the sphere of our surroundings and our own actually constituted minds.

For people made as we are, a few fundamental axioms are essential to intellectual procedure.

Yet perhaps, and in more directions than one, some of us are too eager for these. For example, how many stately structures have been built on seemingly harmless phrases—*it must be, it can't be*. Once grant them, and the edifice rises; but the granting must come first. If it is more than some useful working hypothesis, the issue may be indeed portentous.

It is one of these harmless looking but too fruitful assumptions that M. Brunetière challenges;—*qu'il n'y a rien derrière la nature*. That is the point which should be proved, not assumed; he deals with it suavely:

C'est ce qui n'est prouvé, ni probable.

Again, M. Porché reminds us, without actually saying so, that *les questions sans réponse* are and remain questions, until we know either that there is no answer for us here and now, or find out what it is.

All that region, with outlying allied territory, is the Symbolists'; all infinitely far from any condition of non-sense, of unintelligibility; a territory alas! where all the while as we know by experience the foolish and the rash can produce incredibly ruinous nonsense if once they once start gambolling about in it at will. However use and abuse are still irrevocably separate.

Take from the world's literature, from the whole of it, all that belongs to these regions, where questions legitimate, even inevitable, receive partial or no answer, take away from it all this realm of Symbolism, and what a disastrously impoverished derelict remains. It may be admitted that the French *Symboliste* Movement was guilty of some excess and silliness. But Mr. Sparrow does not ask the obvious question: was this so because just then and there Symbolism, instead of being treated as a recurrent element in thought, the flashing through the tangible and manifest all about us of indefinable reality, was twisted into a fashion; but leaving all that, and passing over its greatness, he fastens on its lapses, contentedly condemning it as the begetter of current English Poetry. Poetry no doubt, but also a topsy-turvy chaos he most wittily analyses and—rejects. Indeed, if it can be described in a paragraph, it is like nothing so much as a nightmare passed inside an old-fashioned Noah's Ark, magnified with all its contents say to twice life-size. There is the ancestral home of these jarring angular shapes, hard outlines, crude fantastic hues and all the rest of its menacing, most distressing ugliness; all of it as unlike

les contours indécis des choses incertaines

as any two prospects could be.

Why then in a book, full otherwise of insight, taste and delightful wit unite these two in the high estate of parent and offspring? For when all is said and done, the wisest critics, whether largely adverse or mainly sympathetic, agree with M. Porché's succinctly stated opinion; just because the particular French *Symboliste* Movement, if like all mortal endeavour it sometimes erred and strayed, yet rested on an age-long, world-wide, never wholly explained, possibly inexplicable, experience; restoring to the human mind, and in a material age still keeping before us, the reality of the intangible, the imponderable, the immeasurable.

# BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF 1916 AND THE IRISH REVOLUTION

IV.—SEUMAS O'KELLY.

BY THE STREAM OF KILLMEEN. 1906.

BY THE/STREAM OF KILLMEEN/BY/SEUMAS O'KELLY/*Printer's ornament*/DUBLIN :/  
SEALY, BRYERS & WALKER,/MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.

8vo :  $8\frac{3}{8} \times 5\frac{3}{8}$  : Pp. iv + 116 : Consisting of Title Page, with printer's imprint on verso, pp. [i, ii] : Contents, with verso blank, pp. [iii, iv] : Text pp. [i]—115 : Page [116] blank. Followed by four unnumbered pages of the publishers' advertisements.

Issued in paper covers, all edges trimmed. Front cover green, with title repeated, in white, and, in addition, the price—6d.—and a drawing of, apparently, a girl wandering by the stream. Back cover white, with advertisement in green. Inside cover white, with advertisements in black.

THE MATCHMAKERS. 1908.

THE MATCHMAKERS/A COMEDY IN ONE ACT/BY/SEUMAS O'KELLY/DUBLIN :/  
M. H. GILL & SON, LTD./1908.

Small 8vo :  $6\frac{7}{8} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$  : pp. viii + 28 : consisting of half title with verso blank, pp. [i, ii] : Title, with "all rights reserved" on verso, pp. [iii, iv] : Note as regards rights of production, with verso blank, pp. [v, vi] : List of characters, with verso blank, pp. [vii, viii] : Text pp. [i]—28, with printer's imprint at foot of page 28. Followed by three pages of advertisements of other books by the author, and one blank page—the second and third of these pages being numbered 2, 3.

Issued in dark green wrappers, with the title repeated in black on front cover, and "Sixpence Net" in the lower righthand corner ; all edges trimmed.

Also issued, believed simultaneously, in light green wrappers.

THE SHUILER'S CHILD. 1909.

THE SHUILER'S CHILD/A TRAGEDY IN TWO/ACTS. BY SEUMAS O'KELLY/MAUNSEL  
& CO., LIMITED/96 MIDDLE ABBEY ST., DUBLIN/1909/ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

8vo. :  $7\frac{3}{8} \times 4\frac{7}{8}$  : pp. iv + 54 : Consisting of Title with verso blank, pp. [i, ii] : Dedication, with list of characters on verso, pp. [iii, iv] : Text pp. [I]—53. Caste of first production on page [54] : Followed by six unnumbered pages of the publisher's advertisements.

Issued in light-brown wrappers, overlapping the edges, which are all trimmed. Front cover has, printed in dark red, the title (abbreviated) with "One Shilling Net" added. Back wrapper has advertisement of publisher's Irish Plays. Inside wrappers blank.

## THREE PLAYS. 1912.

THREE PLAYS/BY/SEUMAS O'KELLY,/DUBLIN:/M. H. GILL & SON, LTD./1912.

8vo.:  $7\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$ : pp. 80: Consisting of Title, with verso blank, pp. [1, 2]: Author's Note, with note re production rights on verso, pp. [3, 4]: Fly title to *The Homecoming* with list of characters on verso, pp. [5, 6]: Text, pp. [7]—17: Page [18] blank: Fly title to *The Stranger*, with list of characters on verso, pp. [19, 20]: Text, pp. [21]—39: Page [40] blank: Fly title to *The Matchmakers*, with list of characters on verso, pp. [41, 42]: Text, pp. [43]—78: Caste of first production of *The Matchmakers* and *The Homecoming*, with verso blank, pp. [79, 80]. Printer's imprint at foot of page 80.

Issued in grey wrappers, with the title repeated in black on front cover, with the addendum "1/- net" in lower right hand corner. All edges trimmed, with wrappers overlapping.

## THE BRIBE. 1914.

THE BRIBE/A PLAY IN THREE ACTS/BY SEUMAS O'KELLY/AUTHOR OF/"THE SHUILER'S CHILD," "THE MATCHMAKERS," &C./MAUNSEL & COMPANY, LTD./DUBLIN AND LONDON/1914.

8vo.:  $7\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{5}{8}$ : pp. iv + 48: Consisting of Title, with copyright note on verso, pp. [i, ii]: List of characters, with verso blank, pp. [iii, iv]: Text, pp. [1]—46: Cast of first performance, page [47]: Page [48] blank save for printers imprint at bottom.

Issued in grey wrappers, with title—save "author of . . ."—repeated in black, and "One Shilling Net" added. Back and inside covers contain publisher's notices and advertisements. All edges trimmed, with wrappers overlapping.

Also issued in grey boards, believed later.

## THE LADY OF DEERPARK. 1917.

THE LADY OF/DEERPARK/BY/SEUMAS O'KELLY/METHUEN & CO., LTD./36 ESSEX STREET W.C./LONDON.

8vo.:  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{7}{8}$ : pp. viii + 308: Consisting of half title, with verso blank, pp. [i, ii]: Title, with date on verso, pp. [iii, iv]: Dedication, with verso blank, pp. [v, vi]: Contents, with verso blank, pp. vii [viii]: Text pp. 1—308. Printer's imprint at foot of page 308. Followed by a 31 page list of publishers' publications, with date 6/7/17 and imprint at bottom of page 31, and page [32] blank. Preliminary page vii and page 1 of Text are numbered at bottom.

Issued in red cloth, top and fore edges trimmed and lower edges untrimmed. Title is blind on front cover and in gilt on spine. White end papers.

## WAYSIDERS. 1917.

WAYSIDERS/STORIES OF CONNACHT/BY/SEUMAS O'KELLY/AUTHOR OF/" THE SHUILER'S CHILD," " THE LADY/OF DEERPARK," " THE BRIBE," ETC./*publisher's ornamental device/followed by*

DUBLIN  
THE TALBOT PRESS, LTD.,  
89 TALBOT STREET

LONDON  
T. FISHER UNWIN, LTD.,  
1 ADELPHI TERRACE

1917

8vo.:  $7\frac{1}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. viii + 204: Consisting of blank page, with publisher's ornamental device on verso, pp. [i, ii]: half title, with frontispiece on verso, pp. [iii, iv]: Title, with printer's ornamental imprint at top left of verso, pp. [v, vi]: Contents, with verso blank, pp. [vii, viii]: Text, pp. [i]—203: Page 204 blank.

Issued in blue boards, with drawing and short title (Waysiders/Seumas O'Kelly) on front cover, and short title on spine. All edges trimmed.

## RANNS AND BALLADS. 1918.

RANNS & BALLADS/BY SEUMAS O'KELLY/THE CANDLE PRESS/64 DAWSON STREET. DUBLIN/1918.

8vo.:  $9\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ : pp. 48: Consisting of half title, with publisher's motto on verso, pp. [1, 2]: Title, with certificate of issue and printer's imprint on verso, pp. [3, 4]: Contents, with dedication on verso, pp. [5, 6]: Text, pp. [7]—[47]: Page [48] blank. Numbered at bottom.

Between the title and the half title are (a) a sheet containing a note by the publisher, and errata, and (b) a frontispiece by Jack B. Yeats.

Issued in slate grey boards, with linen back, and slate grey end papers. White paper label with title on front cover. At least two copies are extant in rough blue wrappers, but these were advance travellers' copies. Some copies are in a lighter shade of grey, but are believed to be simultaneous.

450 numbered copies of this book only were published.

## MEADOWSWEET. 1919.

MEADOWSWEET./A COMEDY, IN ONE ACT,/BY/SEUMAS O'KELLY./*rule*/ALL RIGHTS RESERVED./*rule*/*six-line note re performing rights with double vertical rules*/PRICE . . . . 1/-.

8vo.:  $8\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{8}$ : pp. 32: Consisting of Title, with commercial advertisements on verso, pp. [1, 2]: pp. [3—8] also occupied by advertisements, of which only those on page [7] are literary: Text, pp. [1]—31: Page [32] literary advertisements.

Issued in slate-grey wrappers, all edges trimmed. Page [2] of wrapper is blank, page [3] has advertisement of other books by the author, and page [4]

has commercial advertisements. Lettered in black on front cover, with printer's imprint at bottom.

Also issued, believed simultaneously, in light-green wrappers. The sizes are not uniform. Of two copies in light-green wrappers that I have seen, one is larger than given above, and narrower, while the other is shorter and wider.

### THE PARNELLITE. 1919.

THE/PARNELLITE./rule/A PLAY IN THREE ACTS,/BY/SEUMAS O'KELLY./rule/  
PRICE ... .. 1/6./rule/"THE LEINSTER LEADER, LTD.," NAAS.

8vo. :  $8\frac{1}{4} \times 5$  : Pp. 80 : Consisting of blank page, with (*All Rights Reserved*) and note re performing rights on verso, pp. [1, 2] : Title, with list of characters on verso, pp. [3, 4] : Note on the author, by his brother, pp. [5—9] : Caste of first production on page [10] : Text, pp. [11]—78 ; pp. [79, 80] blank.

Issued in grey wrappers, with title on front cover in black. All edges trimmed.

### THE GOLDEN BARQUE AND THE WEAVER'S GRAVE. 1919.

THE/GOLDEN BARQUE/AND/THE/WEAVER'S GRAVE/BY/SEUMAS O'KELLY/pub-  
lisher's ornamental device/followed by

DUBLIN  
THE TALBOT PRESS, LTD.  
89 TALBOT STREET

LONDON  
T. FISHER UNWIN, LTD.  
1 ADELPHI TERRACE

1919

8vo. :  $7\frac{1}{8} \times 4\frac{5}{8}$  : pp. 218 : Consisting of blank page, with publisher's ornamental device on verso, pp. [1, 2] : Half title, with verso blank, pp. [3, 4] : Title, with printer's imprint on verso, pp. [5, 6] : Contents, with verso blank [7, 8] : Text, pp. [9]—218.

Issued in blue-grey boards with blue linen back, all edges trimmed. Title in black on front cover and in gilt on spine. White end papers.

A separate edition of "*The Weaver's Grave*" with illustrations by Jack B. Yeats, was issued in 1922.

### THE LEPRECHAUN OF KILLMEEN. 1920.

THE LEPRECHAUN/OF KILLMEEN/BY SEUMAS O'KELLY/MARTIN LESTER, LTD./  
44 DAWSON STREET :: DUBLIN.

8vo. :  $7\frac{1}{8} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$  : pp. 120 : Consisting of Title, with verso blank, pp. [1, 2] : Text, pp. [3]—120.

Issued in light blue boards, title in black in a panel on front cover. All edges trimmed White end papers.

## HILLSIDERS. 1921.

HILLSIDERS/BY/SEUMAS O'KELLY/AUTHOR OF/"WAYSIDERS," "THE GOLDEN BARQUE"/ETC./*publisher's ornamental device/followed by*

DUBLIN  
THE TALBOT PRESS, LTD.,  
89 TALBOT STREET

LONDON  
T. FISHER UNWIN, LTD.,  
1 ADELPHI TERRACE

1921

8vo.:  $7\frac{1}{8} \times 4\frac{5}{8}$ : Pp. iv + 192: Consisting of half title, with frontispiece on verso, pp. [i, ii]: Title, with contents on verso, pp. [iii, iv]: Text, pp. [1]—191: Page 192 blank.

Issued in blue boards, lettered in black on front and spine. There is also a drawing on front. All edges trimmed. Cream end papers.

## WET CLAY. 1922.

WET CLAY/BY/SEUMAS O'KELLY/*four line quotation from Omar/ publisher's ornamental device*/DUBLIN/THE TALBOT PRESS LIMITED/LONDON/T. FISHER UNWIN LIMITED/1922.

8vo.:  $7\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$ : Pp. iv + 378: Consisting of half title, with list of books by the author on verso, pp. [i, ii]: Title, with date and printer's imprint on verso, pp. [iii, iv]: Text, pp. [1]—377. Page 378 blank. Numbered throughout at bottom.

Issued in grey cloth boards, lettered in grey on chocolate-brown panels on front cover, and in chocolate-brown on spine. All edges trimmed. Cream end papers.

NOTE 1—*The Stranger* in Three Plays (1908) is a re-written version of an earlier play, *The Flame on the Hearth*, which was not published.

NOTE 2—*Driftwood*, a comedy in one act, is announced in *Meadowsweet* for early publication. It has not, however, been printed in book form. It was printed in THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE in September, 1923.

NOTE 3—Many "who knew not Joseph" will not understand why Seumas O'Kelly is included in this series. His connection with the Irish Ireland Movement, and the Sinn Fein end of it particularly, went back to the early days of the Movement, and his *Shuilers Child* was a landmark in the Dramatic Movement, which in its essentials was a part of the National Movement. Moreover, he died at the post of duty. His health was not good, and he was compelled to give up working in Dublin and go to the country. He was re-called in May 1918 to edit *Nationality* when Arthur Griffith was arrested, and, though he knew he was risking his life, he answered the call. His health would not stand the strain, and he died at his post. But he died for Ireland as surely, and as finely, as if he had been shot by a Black-and-Tan.

P. S. O'HEGARTY.

# BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

By M. J. MacManus.

## LITERARY FORGERIES.

AN ENQUIRY INTO THE NATURE OF CERTAIN NINETEENTH CENTURY PAMPHLETS.  
By John Carter and Graham Pollard. (Constable. 15s. net.).

The title of this book is as old-fashioned and unexciting as its contents are modern and sensational. Mr. Carter and Mr. Pollard have exploded a literary bombshell of which the echoes will be heard for a long time on both sides of the Atlantic.

For more than forty years privately-printed pamphlets of the "pre-first" type have been occurring for sale in the auction rooms with steady regularity. Their title-pages carry some of the greatest names in English literature of the nineteenth century. Dickens, Thackeray, the Brownings, Tennyson, George Eliot, Ruskin, Swinburne and Stevenson are all represented. Collectors have bought them eagerly, believing in every case that they were acquiring that most treasured of all literary rarities, a copy of the issue privately printed by the author before publication for distribution amongst a handful of friends. Some of them have fetched very high prices; one, the so-called Reading edition of Mrs. Brownings *Sonnets from the Portuguese*—the pivotal book of this enquiry—has sold at auction for more than £250.

Mr. Carter and Mr. Pollard have investigated fifty-one of these pamphlets and have proved that they are rank impostors, the work, in fact, of a forger possessed of a considerable amount of bibliographical knowledge and not a little ingenuity. The exposure is shattering in its finality. The British Museum has already removed the offending volumes from its shelves. Nobody (with the exception of Mr. T. J. Wise, who, unaccountably, holds that some of them are genuine) has any doubt about their spurious nature.

A year or two ago, Mr. Carter published a book called *Binding Variants in English Publishing*. It contained a chapter, modestly described by the author as "a mild piece of detective work," in which he related how he ran to earth a binding rarity, the existence of which he had postulated, but which he had never seen. It struck me at the time as an achievement that indicated the possession of a remarkably well-developed Sherlockian faculty. He has now, aided by an equally skilled investigator in the person of Mr. Graham Pollard, successfully carried through a piece of bibliographical sleuthing of a vastly more sensational kind.

The "Reading" edition of the *Sonnets from the Portuguese* was really the beginning of it all. Rumour had been busy with the book, for its origin was clouded with doubt. The various accounts given, linking its publication with the name of Mary Russell Mitford, were found to be full of inconsistencies, not to say, absurdities. The possibility of a forgery arose; other pamphlets of a similar kind were examined, with startling results. Chemical analysis proved that ten of the pamphlets bearing dates earlier than 1860 were printed on paper

containing esparto grass, a damning fact considering that esparto grass was not used in the manufacture of paper until 1861; sixteen, supposed to have been printed before 1874, were found to have been printed from a kernless type not in use before 1880; five were found to be printed from a text which only occurs in later editions. Further ominous discoveries were the facts that no copies existed in a contemporary binding; none bore a presentation inscription from the author; contemporary ownership was never established by a written date on fly-leaf or title; and no copy of any single one of the fifty-one pamphlets had appeared in libraries or at auction sales or had received notice of any kind from collectors or bibliographers earlier than 1888. Cumulative evidence of this sort, added to the scientific tests, leave no room for doubt.

Collectors everywhere will be grateful to Mr. Carter and Mr. Pollard. They have accomplished an extremely difficult and complicated task with complete success. Their book is thoroughly documented and there is no weak link in the chain of evidence. They have not, it is true, identified the forger, but they have rendered it extremely unlikely that such a literary crime will be attempted again.

The name of Mr. T. J. Wise occurs with disconcerting frequency throughout the pages of this book. He "fathered" most of the pamphlets and played the chief part in their distribution. Not once in all those years does he seem to have suspected their genuineness, and the judgment of so eminent a bibliographer was sufficient to gain them an unquestioned acceptance from collectors all over the world. There can be little doubt that without the foster-parentage of Mr. Wise these forgeries would long ago have been investigated and condemned. It is enough to shake one's faith in the most firmly-established reputations.

#### THOMAS PURNEY.

THE WORKS OF THOMAS PURNEY. Edited by H. O. White, M.A. (Oxford, Basil Blackwell. 5s. net).

Students of eighteenth century poetry will be grateful to Professor White for this addition to the Percy Reprints. Thomas Purney, poet and critic, a lonely figure whose pastorals have no place either in the Augustan age or amongst the seventeenth century lyrists, possesses nevertheless a poetic quality all his own that should save him from oblivion. Purney's life was short and his bibliography is brief. It consists of two volumes of *Pastorals*, both published in 1717, an "heroi-Comick Poem" entitled *The Chevalier de St. George*, published in 1718, and a *Preface* to John Bulkeley's *The Last Day*, a Miltonic poem published in 1720. (In a very different sphere there are, of course, the Ordinary of Newgate's "Accounts" of the behaviour and last words of malefactors; Purney was chaplain of Newgate and it fell to his lot, by traditional practice, to write such things). It is rather on account of the critical prefaces which he wrote (Purney was as fond of long prefaces as Mr. Shaw in our own day) and which show a critical insight far in advance of his time, rather than for any poetic achievement of his own that he is deserving of the labour and research which Professor White has devoted to his work.

## THE AMERICAN BOOK COLLECTOR.

Literary forgeries are very much in the air at the moment. In the July number of the *American Book Collector* Mr. Henry Stevens describes the detection and exposure of a spurious copy of the rare Second Letter of Columbus [*De insulis nuper in mari indico repertis*], attributed to the year 1493, which was offered for sale in a London auction-room in March of this year.

In the August-September issue most of the space is devoted to the Carter-Pollard exposure of the "pre-first" nineteenth century pamphlets. The symposium of views given reveals a curious welter of opinions, which suggests that American collectors are more bewildered than clear sighted about the whole affair. The idea, set forth in some quarters, that the revelations will adversely affect both book-collecting and book-selling is palpably absurd. The value of genuine books will not be affected in the slightest. The chief effect of the exposure will be to make collectors a little wary of accepting *ex cathedra* bibliographical pronouncements at their face value and to make them pursue their hobby a little more scientifically. If Messrs. Carter and Pollard succeed in doing this, they will have served the cause of book-collecting very well indeed.

## BOOKSELLERS' CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

Bernard Quaritch, Ltd., 11 Grafton St., London, W.1. Catalogue No. 486.

English Literature and History. Books from Modern Presses. 954 items.

Pickering and Chatto, 1 King Street, London, S.W.1. Catalogue No. 285. English Novels and Romances, 1612-1837. 621 items.

Martin A. McGoff, 17 Moorfields, Liverpool. Catalogue No. 34. Miscellaneous Books. 745 items.

B. H. Blackwell, Ltd., Broad Street, Oxford. Books on Modern History, Second-hand and New. Catalogue No. 344. 1,352 items.

J. Kyrle Fletcher, Ltd., Newport, Mon. Books and Maps relating to America 552 items.

## BOOK REVIEWS

THREE FRENCH DRAMATISTS : RACINE, MARIVAUX, MUSSET. By Arthur Tilley. Cambridge : At the University Press, 1933. Pp. x + 206. 12s. 6d. net.

This most valuable book treats for the first time adequately in English of Marivaux and Musset and somewhat more fully than Lytton Strachey of Racine. It is unusual for an English critic to appreciate Racine. Professor Eccles and Strachey are significant exceptions : I think that Mr. Tilley has added a good deal to their contribution and has produced a satisfactory account, intelligent and penetrating, of Racine's work.

He uses the *Remarks on the Odyssey* (still in M.S.) to confute Victor Hugo's absurd assertion that Racine looked askance at plain words and simple language. Despite Hugo, who was so apt to claim credit for what other people had done, Racine named the dog without a "collier d'épithètes," and the most original feature, perhaps, of his style is his use of very simple and everyday speech wherever the psychology of his personages requires it.

I note that Mr. Tilley agrees with Proust that "Cenone is almost a part of Phèdre ; she is the embodiment of her evil thoughts, putting them into words before Phèdre can utter them." (p. 54). The treatment of *Iphigénie* (a much maligned play) is also particularly excellent.

I might wish to add something to the interpretation of *Bérénice*, the most enigmatic of Racine's heroines, the supreme "Amoureuse" (rather than "Amante") (to quote M. Joseph Delteil), so unlike her ancestress Cleopatra.

Titus is a forerunner of the Barresian patriot. He identifies himself with "la Terre et les Morts," in his case, with Rome and her laws, customs and prejudices. He is Rome, in the sense that he cannot act contrary to Roman conceptions of duty. Unlike the anti-nationalist of to-day, he is incapable of detachment : he cannot criticise or judge his "country." He is for Rome, right or wrong. Where his personal feelings conflict with his "duty" to Rome, that is, with his strongest and most endurable prejudice or passion (for it is both) he is radically unable to weigh the pros and cons. He does not believe that race, country, state exist for the advantage of the individual : for him the individual (in true Prussian way) must bow to them, unquestioningly, and can find his salvation only in subservience to them.

Bérénice stands in bold contrast to Titus. She is an individualist. Her love is more to her than race or country or state. She has no conception of duty. The individual, in her mind, owes no allegiance to anything or anyone outside and greater than itself. There is no higher authority to which it must yield. If she surrenders in the end, it is not to Rome, but to Titus, an individual to an individual. She understands that Titus cannot marry her and remain Titus : that his only possible self-realisation must be without her. She gives him up in order not to ruin his career (to use a modern phrase), but also, and more precisely, in order not to destroy his self-respect and in order to keep pure the memory of their love. She does not think, as some critics have asserted, that he has ceased to love her, or loves power and glory more than her. She is too intelligent and too wise. She has sized up her man and recognised the unshakeable patriot, the embodiment of Rome itself. He does not give her away with a pound of tea. He is torn, like some Barresian hero, between love and duty, but, like all Racinian characters, he knows that duty will win. There lies his tragedy. Rome weighs him down, Rome destroys him. For to lose Bérénice is, in Racine's

eyes, destruction. A false conception of patriotism is Titus's nemesis. His fate is within him, for he is Rome. Bérénice loses Titus, but her fate is outside her. Titus is really the more Racinian of the two.

Mr. Tilley has not quite brought out all this. He is content to say that "In making duty triumph, Racine has followed Corneille, but his manner of treating the theme is . . . his own." It is true that he elaborates and qualifies this statement. He notes the domination of Rome: "In a striking speech Paulin faithfully interprets to his master the opinion of Rome. Six times, like a solemn bell calling to prayer, the mystic word 'Rome' falls from his lips." Of the fourth act he says: "Again the word 'Rome' is sounded six times; it is the knell of his love." Mr. Tilley notes (as I have often thought) that the "intention of suicide (on the part of Bérénice, Titus and Antiochus) may seem a somewhat clumsy invention." The explanation is, I think, that Bérénice, who started the game, is impulsive, and that this extremity of despair was needed to bring about in her that revulsion which enables her to "give up" Titus and restore him to self-satisfaction and a clear conscience in his subjugation of love to "duty." "Rome is the irresistible force that governs the whole play," but I do not think that Racine shared (in his own soul) the view that "Rome is something greater than either father or family." Titus believed that, not Racine. His whole work shows him as an individualist: in him the individual protests against just what Rome stood for, a cosmic order which crushes the individual, an order to which the dreams and hopes and desires and passions of the individual, striving to realize himself, are of no importance. Rome, the tyranny of Louis XIV, the obscure purpose which this order serves are also served by them: the individual must obey or go under. Such is the world, but Racine protests.

It is not, however, against a conception or figment of man's mind that he protests. He is not a Romain Rolland scourging militarism, not a Leconte de Lisle pouring scorn on the gods man has created: to him Mussolini and Hitler would have been abhorrent, but they would still have been the emissaries and servants of the cosmic order, embodiments of a brutal truth that the individual may, indeed, loathe and defy, but at his peril.

For Racine does not deny. He protests (or makes his characters protest) against an order which he (or they) accept as existing, not against a figment of the human mind. Leconte de Lisle denied: he rebelled against the iniquitous and cruel conceptions of man. His "gods" existed only (for him at least) as the personified ideals or desires, or the incarnate lusts and bestialities and cruelties of the human race. His Qaïn defies, it is true, Iahvèh; but Qaïn, like his creator, Leconte de Lisle, does not accept Iahvèh's rule and power as unending: he predicts his fall. Iahvèh is only the projection upon the infinite of the mind of the men of those old days: he will pass away with them.

"Et les petits enfants des nations vengées

Ne sachant plus ton nom riront dans leurs berceaux."

Qaïn is the victim of man, not of God. "L'embûche tendu" by Iahvèh is a trap laid by man's pettiness and baseness and stupidity.

But Racine's heros and heroines believe in the reality and eternal power of the "gods" they defy, that is to say, of what these "gods" stand for, not themselves by their Greek names, but the order of the world which they personify. Athalie defying Jehovah defies a real power; she does not foresee the end of

his rule, but she flaunts another rebel, Eliacin become King, in his face and walking not in the ways of David.

“ Dieu des Juifs, tu l'emportes ! ”

The breed of the defiant will persist, going under, but unyielding.

I do not agree altogether—or indeed fundamentally at all—with the treatment of *Athalie*. “ The last word is not with the chorus, but with Joad.” Yes, literally, but, in the spirit, it is with *Athalie*, who like the Qaïn of Leconte de Lisle predicts the defeat of Iahvèh. To my way of thinking *Athalie* is a twofold play. On the one plane we have the struggle of the State with an unscrupulous theocracy, on the other Man protesting in vain, foredoomed, against the gods. *Athalie* is portrayed as a great Queen, but also as a woman with a weakness, her unexpected affection for Eliacin, which delivers her into Joad's hands when, had she been strong and evil, she might have destroyed him and the Temple while there was yet time. It is noticeable (as Mr. Tilley points out) that Joad's lying stratagem which so displeased Voltaire is not in the Bible Story.

Sarcey (says Mr. Tilley) “ was wrong when he saw in *Athalie* only the drama of a successful conspiracy against a usurper, organised and led by an ambitious priest. No—*Athalie* is much more than this. It is the triumph of true religion over false, and the protagonist . . . is not Joad, but God.” Yes, Sarcey was wrong. For *Athalie* is, like all Racine's plays, a protest against the fatalist (or if you like, Jansenist, substituting this world for the next) conception of the ordinance of the world. I do not believe in Racine's conversion. *Athalie* does not differ, in its outlook, essentially from *Phèdre* or *Andromaque* except in that not passion but another weakness (almost a virtue) compasses the downfall of the heroine. There was no need for conversion, if an acceptance of Jansenist metaphysics (hate it as he might) is meant. If an illumination, as came to Paul, is intended, it did not come to Racine. He never accepted the gentler doctrine of redemption, the efficacy of good works, even to the extent that Leconte de Lisle accepted the gospel of the young Essenian.

The choruses are but dust thrown in the eyes of “ la veuve Scarron ” and of the “ dévots ” of 1691. Such a smoke-screen had not been necessary in 1677.

Pace Mr. Tilley, Joad is precisely “ the ambitious priest that Sarcey would make him, plotting the restoration of Joas in order that he might exercise autocratic power in the boy's name.” He may indeed believe that his cause is God's. It would be strange if he did not. He is not a conscious hypocrite like Mathan.

I will make this concession: Racine may not have had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote *Athalie* for the school-girls of St. Cyr. He may have started out to write an innocent Bible-play like *Esther*, but, carried away by the possibilities of the story, have exceeded his intentions and given free rein to his poetic and dramatic powers and his conception, so deeply rooted, of a world dominated by fate or predestination in which grace only avails and good works profit not at all. *Athalie* is no longer, and in no way, the wicked daughter of Jezebel of the Bible anecdote: she has been transformed into a worthy companion of *Phèdre* (who is not *Phaedra*) and *Hermione* (who is not the shadowy myth of Greek legend). She stands out, appallingly great, and dominates—she, not Joad—the concentrated action of the drama. She falls, as *Phèdre* fell, not because

true religion wins the field, but because she was, as a symbol of humanity in the Racinian system, foredoomed to fall, "une juste à qui la grâce a manqué."

If in anything I may say it seems that I suggest a purpose other than dramatic or poetic in Racine's work, it is not so intended. Racine was a dramatist and a poet. Drama and poetry were his only concern. But he had (as every great artist must have) his outlook on life. Unconsciously he put this outlook into his work. Indeed no great work can be done (I say deliberately done, not written, because I include all great work) unless, besides a conscious conception of the particular kind of work proposed, the creator has a consistent *Weltauschaung*, not necessarily defined in dogma and thesis; his work must, in order to be valid, be his self-expression, the fine flower of his personality, as he is the fine flower of his race or cultural unity. If you had asked Racine what he believed, either he could not have told you, or he would have professed orthodoxy. But he had, for all that, his own way of looking on the world; all things were coloured by his being and took a new sense because he looked at them. Truth for him was his attitude to things, and his attitude was not Molière's or La Fontaine's, still less Bossuet's or Pascal's. But the expression of his philosophy was not his prime purpose, nor indeed, save in so far as his personages take colour from it, in their thought and passions and acts, his purpose at all.

Remy de Gourmont, the most penetrating critic of his time, said of the period of Louis XIV: "Ce furent des temps riches, excessifs, fougueux et libertins. La tragédie de Racine, comme une fleur violente et douce, surgit naturellement de ce sol tourmenté et arrosé d'orages." We rarely think of Racine—the supreme classicist—as a rebel, an iconoclast and a sceptic. We do not, while praising his economy of expression in which a profound understanding of the springs of action was embodied, do justice to the intensity of his passion and to his obsession with artistic values. His dramas, so devoid of "couleur locale," so free of the superficial actualities of Victor Hugo, are yet illumined by an interior light and glow like pomegranate bloom in the dusk, or the oranges in that painting in the Ashmolean which so stirred my imagination when I was twenty years younger. Racine has not "renié la passion divine." I like to connect this aspect of his work with the "ciel dépouillé" of Uzès and the dark beauty of the Uzetian women: I like to think that in Du Parc and Champmeslé he sought, not vulgar satisfaction, not even the interpreter of his creations, but to incarnate and grasp some lasting but elusive memory of Provencal beauty and passion. He is an Aubanel, sublimated and clarified; him, as Phèdre, "Venus tout entière" pursues, but his objective, unlike hers, is not carnal but artistic possession, and having at last, in *Phèdre*, seized the fleeting dream and set it in immortal words, he had no more to say. That, not conversion, is the reason of his silence after 1677. His passion was, essentially, a passion that cannot, otherwise than in art, possess: Du Parc and Champmeslé had failed him, and he knew it. Only in Heaven can it be said that complete possession is possible:

Nec desiderio minus est præmium.

Here, on Earth, all lovers must fail to seize and hold the rapture they have dreamed. Of them, of Phèdre, of Racine, it can be said

Solus ad victimam procedis

(as Abelard said of the Lord).

On Earth there is no "laughter of Thine Easter Day." All there is, is for the artist expression, for all others only complete realization that the object cannot be attained: Phèdre, knowing this at last, redeems her fault and dies assailed. That, rather than a Jansenistic obsession, is why Racine's characters know, as the goal of their search, only death or eternal loss; but, being creatures of Racine's brain, they at least go, willing and in complete self-understanding, to their inevitable end. The Jansenistic and the Greek fatality had, naturally, a strong attraction for him. For, in the jargon of a cruel theology or in the clear beauty of myth they tell the truth, from which there is no escape.

Beyond the Golden Door is nothing. Only in some high Heaven, some after-life revealed by the Prophet of an all-wise and all-just God, lies any hope. Racine (despite his religious upbringing) shows nowhere in his work (not even in *Athalie*, which, at best, is concerned with God's power on Earth) any belief in immortality other than the shadowy after-life of Greek mythology, which is but the symbolical setting, in nowise accepted as fact, of his drama. Phèdre may be the daughter of Minos, who judges the dead; she may fear to meet him: but she does not, any more than Racine, believe in his existence or his power. L'Abbé Genest (René Fernandat), in his continuation of Racine's play, turns Minos into the merciful judge of the Judgment Day; but he must accept, as Racine did not, the Christian Revelation ("Christian, not Jansenist").

From this it was natural to go on to the belief that all high endeavour (not only the attempted fruition of passion) is in vain, and to accept the doctrine that, in ourselves, we bear the ineluctable failure, call it heredity, call it the will of the Gods, their grim jest or their pursuing hatred, and that there is no escape.

I have dwelt long on Racine, too long, not for his greatness, but because nothing I have said seems, finally, to me to explain him. He, like Shakespeare, eludes us. His rhythms prevail over his ideas, even over his characters (perhaps a criticism of the dramatist). The only adequate interpretation would be a translation by Mr. Yeats, who, of all poets, is the one most likely to be able to render the Racinian music.

We must not look on Racine with Mathew Arnold (the most preposterous of pretentious and ignorant critics, though a great if narrow poet) as classicism personified. Neither La Rochefoucauld, nor Pascal, nor Molière, nor La Fontaine, nor Racine were "classical." Classicism was a codification by lesser men of their achievement. Boileau did not teach Racine to write. That is a myth. He did not like Racine's intensity of poetic feeling, and did not understand either his plays or his power over words. Racine, like his great compeers, was, if not exactly a sceptic, a Protester, a maker of new worlds in art and thought. I have no patience with the critics who make of him not only an illustrator (albeit the greatest) of Boileau's pedantic and stupid epigrams, or a pillar of orthodox philosophy. He was neither. He should have been banned, and perhaps would have been had Louis XIV become "gaga" earlier and incapable of his famous "mot." But Louis preferred scepticism (even atheism) to fanaticism or heresy. And a king who could tolerate La Fontaine's seditious gibes and Molière's attacks on religious hypocrisy might well have appreciated Racine's amorality, and his repeated exposure of the heresy (which was also fanatical) that made man the

plaything of some unintelligible predestination. Racine stated, and in stating damned : he was not a Voltairean : he was a personal enemy of the "gods," whose power he believed to prevail.

Racine does not vary the monotony of the alexandrine by "shifting the place of the caesura." The caesura is fixed. He varied the place of non-metrical (phonetic) pauses. The fourth syllable is always stressed and always a final syllable (unless a following "e mute" is elided before a vowel).

I have left myself little space to deal with the rest of the book. It was time that Musset was properly assessed as a dramatist : Mr. Tilley has given him his due. It is probable that Musset will rank higher ultimately as dramatist than poet. He had when he liked a gift of lyric expression ; but he whines too often : then he falls into the opposite extreme, a revulsion against the worst romanticism to which he is prone, superficiality and cynicism. He is, in fact, a sentimentalist ; and that explains his popularity, but will not give him immortality. I would refer the reader of Mr. Tilley's really fine treatment of *Lorenzaccio*, Musset's most significant drama, to an article in the *Mercure de France* of April 1st, 1934, for some further considerations.

Marivaux has been called the Racine of comedy. He is nothing of the kind. M. François Porché has said of a performance of *La Double Inconstance* : "Il me semblait voir des ombres parées, se mouvant sur un fond de verdure, dans une grande glace de Venise, ou dans une eau magique : l'eau du fleuve Léthé. A ce jeu de reflets correspondait un dialogue amorti, comme un écho lointain." He has not the stark realism of Racine, he has not his depth ; though he treats of nothing but love, he knows nothing about love. His puppets do not love, and cannot love. At most they are brushed by the faint flutter of the drowsy wings of lust—lust so superficial, so Watteauesque, or rather so Pateresque (he, rather than Watteau, is the real pendant to Marivaux), so mannered and precious, that it hardly offends ; his psychology is but a geometrical pattern in which the marionettes range themselves at his bidding. And what is even worse, his lightness of touch, his shadow-play, covers a sink of depravity, or what would be a sink were it deep enough. "Sous des dehors d'une grâce apprêté," says M. Pierre Lièvre, "ses pièces me semblent toujours dissimuler, elles aussi, des secrets plein d'horreur." *Les Fausses Confidences* he calls "Mensonges et Escroqueries," or "L'Art de rouler les Femmes."

Mr. Tilley likes *La Double Inconstance*. In it Marivaux essays the difficult task of depicting how two persons, who believe that they are in love, gradually realise their mistake and recognise the superior power of real love." He gives it "cousinship with Shakespeare's romantic comedies." Silvia is a rustic sister of Viola and Rosalind and Beatrice." But M. Lièvre will have none of it "Inconstance, non pas, c'est abandon qu'il faudrait dire, ou lâchage. Deux amants qui s'aimaient cessent de s'aimer. Et pourquoi ? Pense-t-on que ce soit par le jeu naturel de leurs sentiments ? Non point, mais parceque des gens qui y sont intéressés détruisent l'amour dans leur cœur, avec préméditation et de façon concerté." Finally, let me say that I consider Mr. Tilley's book to be a serious and adequate contribution to the study of the three dramatists, by far the most satisfactory and detailed that has appeared in English.

T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN.

THE FEAR OF THE DEAD IN PRIMITIVE RELIGION. Lectures delivered on the William Wyse Foundation at Trinity College, Cambridge, 1932-33. By Sir James G. Frazer, O.M., F.R.S., F.B.A. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. In two volumes: 10s. 6d. each.

The evidences which the famous author of these lectures cites certainly justify his conclusion that fear of the dead is practically universal among primitive peoples. That is not to say that his conclusion taken by itself is sound. In a number of instances it is, in fact, unsound. Sir James G. Frazer is of course a recognised authority on subjects such as the present, and to question his conclusions takes courage on the part of the unknown reviewer. But let me explain.

In dealing with the rites and customs of the Bantu peoples of Central, Eastern, and South Eastern Africa, Sir James takes the facts upon which he bases his conclusions from sources which, in the main, are missionary. Were he acquainted with native life he would know that the missionary, of all Europeans, is the least likely to learn the truth concerning the real beliefs of the heathen. The missionary is the natural enemy and rival of the tribal medicine man, and this personage and his supporters, the *hereditary* (not appointed) old chiefs and headmen, are the only natives who dare speak the truth about the tribal mysteries. The ordinary heathen native, who is under the thumb of the 'witchdoctor,' will, if questioned, tell the inquisitive whiteman any cock-and-bull story rather than the truth. The converted native is no more reliable: he hates to be suspected of knowledge of the ways of his 'black heathen' brethren, and if pressed will take care to say nothing but what he suspects his catechizer desires to hear. Only a rare few Europeans ever gain the confidence of the 'witchdoctors,' and of these few the missionary is never one. I will cite a few examples to show how easily even a great authority may be tricked into false conclusions.

The common custom of trussing up the corpse which Sir James cites as an example of fear of the dead, or of intent, somehow, to fetter the ghost and prevent its walking has in reality quite another meaning. It is a white-magical ceremony designed to prevent the 'black brothers' from restoring the body to a vicarious existence and using it as their agent—an agent which being dead cannot again be killed or hurt. This they are believed to have power to do if the corpse is allowed to stiffen in a normal free position. The fear which the custom reveals is therefore of the evil wizard, and not at all of the harmless dead.

Hunting and killing an animal, bird, or reptile supposed to contain the spirit of the newly dead man has a totally different meaning to that which the author imagines. The real belief is that the spirit after death becomes encased in an animal form in the 'astral' world, and is not free to depart to its proper rest until quit of this. Hunting and killing a material animal of a form corresponding to the dead man's astral form is a symbolic ceremony designed to assist the departed spirit in its efforts to throw off its obnoxious astral body. The strength put forth by the hunters is supposed to reinforce that of the spirit. The death and ceremonial disposal of the material animal symbolises the victory of the spirit, and the destruction of the astral animal. After this release has been accomplished the spirit becomes free and formless, "like a cloud." It then unites with, and is absorbed into the being of the guardian spirit of the family, or tribe—that is if it is the spirit of an ordinary man. If it is the spirit of a highly distinguished man it becomes itself the guardian spirit of the tribe, and absorbs the old guardian, and all other human spirits into itself.

The apparent contradiction, which the evidences quoted by Sir James indicate of fear and hatred of the dead, on one hand, and love and reverence towards the departed soul on the other, is thus very simply explained when the true facts are understood.

In truth the native has no fear of the dead, or of the spirits of the dead. Belief in ghosts is found only among natives who have acquired it from Europeans. Belief in, and lively fear of invisible entities the native certainly has, but these entities are nature-spirits ("elementals"?), never spirits of departed human beings. Even these rarely show malice to human beings except when controlled by a Black Magician. It is witchcraft—black magic—which the native fears, first, last, and all the time. The magician, black or white, controls the 'elementals,' and uses them as his agents for evil, or good. The only malignant entities of human origin which the native fears, apart from living men, are the spirits of black magicians.

The foregoing remarks refer only to the Bantu tribes of Africa. The author may be entirely accurate in all he says of other primitive races, and their beliefs. One is apt, however, to feel that in these other instances his conclusion may sometimes be founded on insufficient knowledge also.

In Lecture No. 5, Volume I, Sir James does make the admission that in some cases it is the sorcerer whom the native fears, and blames for the evils which befall him, not the ghosts, or spirits. He adds the rather curious comment that "recognition of ghosts, or spirits of the dead, *apart from sorcery* (Italics, mine), as causes of disease and death, marks a real and important step in the moral and social, if not in the intellectual progress of our species . . ."

In Africa, which country he is discussing, there is, positively, no such thing as a belief in ghosts and spirits acting in any way, either beneficent, or maleficent, apart from the influence of the magician, black, or white, except among certain very primitive races.

Experience of numerous African peoples in various stages of evolution does not support the author's contention. Among the very primitive Bushmen, and a few dying races almost equally primitive, sorcery is not found, but belief in ghosts is. It is in fact among the superior races that the sorcerer has most power and his arts are most feared. It is very questionable whether belief in ghosts and spirits exists anywhere apart from belief in magic. What are the ceremonial observances of the Churches but the lineal, and not remote descendants of pagan magic; and who but the priest is called to exorcise the uneasy spirits, or to repel the demons of the lower worlds?

The literary quality of these lectures is delightful, as is to be expected of the gifted author of "*The Golden Bough*." If the reader can bring himself to regard them as the author's present opinions, and not as an authoritative last word upon the subject, he can get nothing but pleasure and profit from their perusal.

Having ventured to question the views expressed by so famous a man as Sir James G. Frazer, I ought, perhaps, unusual though the proceeding is, to state my authority for what I have said. It is simply my own experience gained through twenty-five years' intimate contact with the natives of Central, Eastern, and South Eastern Africa during which I mastered a score of their dialects, and gained their confidence, and above all the confidence of the wizard clan.

P. G. BOWEN.

NATURE AND LIFE. By Alfred North Whitehead. The Cambridge Miscellany. No. XIII. Cambridge University Press. 1934. pp. 96. 3s. 6d. net.

In the light of the highly revolutionary character of modern mathematical physics, and the controversies that it has aroused on account of its bearing on the problems of metaphysics, the writings of a philosopher who is, at the same time, so eminent a mathematician as Professor Whitehead have a special interest and significance.

For fortunately, as Professor A. Wolf happily puts it, "he has taken upon himself the task of repairing the damage done by his fellow mathematicians." With the possible exception of Bergson, no writer of recent times has more emphatically insisted on the inadequacy of the world picture of the mathematical physicist to afford any real understanding of the happenings in Nature and the actual events of experience.

In Professor Whitehead's latest work—*Nature and Life*, this theme is again taken up together with suggestions for an alternative mode of approach to these problems.

As an introduction to the study of the author's more important works this little book is altogether delightful, for it epitomizes admirably and lucidly his general philosophic outlook. Written in his more popular style, there is no attempt here, as he himself points out, to enter upon any "systematic metaphysical cosmology." "The object in these lectures," he states, "is to indicate those elements in our experience in terms of which such a cosmology should be constructed." Readers already familiar with Whitehead's "philosophy of organism" will perhaps find no new arguments here, but will appreciate none the less the fresh and vivid presentation of ideas, the striking aphorisms, and illuminating historical generalizations so characteristic of the author's style at its best.

Whitehead lays great stress on the philosophic pitfalls inherent in the use of current abstractions without due consideration of the relevance of omitted factors. As he has observed elsewhere: "The intolerant use of abstractions is the major vice of the intellect." The doctrine of the autonomy of physics, with its splitting up of Nature into isolated physical systems, its subordinate elements self-contained and uninfluenced by the character of the whole, is here again repudiated. "Science can find no individual enjoyment in Nature; science can find no aim in Nature; science can find no creativity in Nature; it finds mere rules of succession. These negations are true of natural science. They are inherent in its methodology. The reason for this blindness in physical science lies in the fact that such science only deals with half the evidence provided by human experience. It divides the seamless coat—or, to change the metaphor into a happier form, it examines the coat, which is superficial, and neglects the body which is fundamental."

It is certainly true that with the advent of relativity theory and the newer quantum mechanics, science has, in principle, entirely discarded the mechanistic and common-sense notions of the Victorian era with its concept of the "simple location" of "bits of matter" in space and time—the legacy, indeed, of an earlier epoch. Activity and process are now fundamental; events, rather than instantaneous configurations of matter are the elements into which Nature is analyzed. And yet, as Whitehead protests: . . . "in the present day re-

construction of physics, fragments of the Newtonian concepts are stubbornly retained. The result is to reduce modern physics to a sort of mystic chant over an unintelligible universe."

Also this "bare activity" as thus disclosed in mathematical analysis remains without meaning. "Activity for what, producing what, activity involving what?" Whitehead asks. What is the missing concept? And he replies: "The fusion of life with Nature." With this is involved the idea of "teleological aim at some ideal in the future" as a universal principle. It must be remembered that Whitehead not only rejects the Cartesian dualism of mind and body, but also, with him, the distinction between the organic and inorganic is reduced to a minimum. It is impossible to do justice to this remarkable little book by the selection of one or two passages out of so many worth quoting, but this "pocket Whitehead" is, within the scope of its topics, one of the best things he has ever done, and is a valuable addition to that excellent little series in which it appears.

B. J.

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THE MYSTICAL LIFE. By Roger Bastide. Translated from the French by H. F. Kynaston-Snell and David Waring. Jonathan Cape. London. 7s. 6d.

*The Mystical Life* by Roger Bastide is a very impartial survey of an intriguing subject from the purely scientific point of view. Part I of the volume, which is in two sections, discusses the nature of mysticism as this is revealed in the writings of mystics themselves, and in those of others who have observed the phenomenon. Part II gives the principal theories advanced to explain the mystical state. The author with admirable restraint refrains from attempting any explanation of his own, and thus leaves the reader free to find his own explanation from the evidences set before him.

One wonders whether it is possible to explain mysticism. An explanation is an appeal to the intellect: but the mystical experience takes place in a sphere of consciousness which lies outside the intellect, whether above it, as is claimed by the mystic, or below it, as certain observers believe, matters nothing. Intellect cannot take cognizance of that which it cannot include: obviously then no explanation of mysticism which can possibly be advanced can be more than shrewd speculation, or plausible deduction from appearances whose causes are unknown.

Can the mystic himself give any intelligible account of what he experiences? He may, perhaps, succeed in doing so in language which a fellow mystic may understand, but not in any words which would be understood by the non-mystic. A writer whose name has slipped my memory has said: "Only the occultist can explain the mystic." He describes an occultist as "one who has a scientific understanding of the steps necessary to take in order to attain superconsciousness; and who is able to take those steps at will." But even an "occultist" cannot explain processes which take place beyond the sphere of the intellect, except to a fellow occultist who speaks the same language.

These wandering remarks do not mean that I think this book of no value,

or that books on such subjects should not be written. While human mind remains greedy of knowledge books on debatable subjects will be produced, and others must continue to be produced to expand, modify, or confute the ideas advanced by their predecessors. The present book is especially valuable in that it weighs impartially the theories of other writers, and shows how they satisfy, or fail to satisfy, without dogmatising on the subject itself.

If one chapter in the book can be said to be more valuable than the others it is, I think, that entitled "The Mystical Love Story." It discusses, mainly, the contention of certain "authorities" that the mystical state is simply transmuted, or sublimated eroticism. While admitting that there are numerous evidences in the history of mysticism, and in the writings of mystics themselves to support this idea, the author wisely points out that there are other factors to be considered before a reasonably plausible theory can be produced. He draws attention to a fact which must be considered, that the evidences of eroticism which many mystics furnish in their writings and behaviour may indicate that it is an *effect* produced by the mystical state, rather than a *cause* producing it. This is an important hint at a truth which psychologists and others are apt to overlook, namely that spirit, mind, emotions, and body are not separable, but are on the contrary mere aspects of the human being who is an indivisible unit. Thus, stimulation of any one of these human "principles" must produce effects upon all the others of types corresponding to their several natures. It is therefore easily understandable that the mystical experience, which is essentially that of love for, and union of being with God, or with the Divine Life, must have its repercussions upon all other aspects of the nature; and may therefore, quite naturally, cause erotic manifestations in the lower, animal principles. It can of course be argued that the reverse process is also possible, and certainly no really clear thinking person will deny that animal passions affect even the spiritual outlook. To argue that they are capable of producing a definite spiritual consciousness—that is to say direct cognition of a spiritual life is another matter, I think, and seems as little probable as that physical stimuli of another kind can produce manifestations of intellectuality. But the student of such matters should study this book for himself; it will repay him.

P. G. BOWEN.

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"A NEW FUNDAMENTALISM." J. M. Henry, F.T.C.D. Macmillan and Co.  
7s. 6d.

Mr. Henry's qualifications for the writing of this book, apparently appended to his name on the title page, introduce him to us as a lecturer in mathematics and education, and an examiner in languages and psychology. In addition, we have his avowal of reticence in these revealing pages, "even a college don should not speak all his mind." What the don has spoken, while it may not make us ask for more, is certainly interesting, at times amusing, and expressed pleasantly even though one feels that the author is over-anxious to appear *au fait* with the infelicities of speech which mar the dignity of English to-day.

What is Mr. Henry's purpose? Like Bacon he has taken all knowledge to be his province and is anxious to purge it of blind experiments and auricular traditions and impostures so as to bring in industrious observations, grounded conclusions and profitable inventions and discoveries. His object is to find a formula which will sum up and make synthesis of modern knowledge, to overthrow departmentalism, and shew us the more excellent way. In pursuit of the object Mr. Henry examines the present position in mathematics and physics, in biology, psychology, folklore, religion and philosophy. His knowledge of all these subjects does him credit, and it is particularly interesting to find that he insists on the ancient dogma of the Fall as a result of perceiving in these studies things for which he can only account by affirming an original Golden Age, an age of universal wisdom, physical perfection and immortal life. He hopes that, (in the words of a familiar hymn):

"The days are hastening on,  
By prophet-bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years,  
Comes round the age of gold."

This sounds very like the old fundamentalism, but Mr. Henry will have nothing to do with the old dogmas. He dismisses them, but leaves us still in doubt as to why they are untenable. Generalities and wisecracks are not enough.

What is the conclusion of the whole matter? "To live strenuously . . . to reckon no hour as worthy which has not held the cup of sorrow and given the baptism of pain . . . to seek for nothing except the stern joy of the struggle . . . to hope for and believe in a glorious future for our race . . . to look forward to a transcendental reward."

This is the new Psalm of Life.

N. D. E.

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THE REFORMATION AND THE CONTEMPLATIVE LIFE. David and Gervase Mathew, O.P. London. Sheed and Ward. 7s. 6d.

Dr. David Mathew, the joint author of this book is already known as the writer of the much admired "The Celtic Peoples and Renaissance Europe." The present work is a study of the effects of the political side of the Reformation on the Carthusian Order. Few periods in the history of Europe have been more sedulously examined than the period of the Reformation; but there is still ample room, just as there is urgent need, for special studies in limited fields, which receive but cursory treatment in the comprehensive histories of that shattering epoch.

Our authors are at pains to insist upon the comparative ignorance of European affairs which marked the leaders of the Carthusian Order. Isolation always characterised the charterhouses, even when they flourished in great cities. One can realise then that the external contacts of remote houses in Hungary and elsewhere were very few. The whole spirit of the Order was anti-worldly; it represented, and offered a way of escape from the world, and thus for many

years knowledge of the great events of the reform came slowly. Individual monasteries experienced difficulty and dissolution while others remained unaware of their fate.

Secular troubles, and the damage to charterhouses during the Peasants' War helped to obscure the infinitely greater strife which concerned the Church, and as late as 1525 the monks enjoyed a deep sense of security, but in that year a bitter shock came through the suppression of the charterhouse of Nuremberg by the State. This first intimation of the spirit of Wittenberg and Luther might have prepared the Order for the threatening upheavals, but the remoteness of the Grande Chartreuse in Danphiné prevented due appreciation of the significance of the suppression. When it became known that the majority of the Nuremberg monks had accepted the Reformed faith then the realities of the situation dawned upon the Order.

Fifteen years later it was possible to estimate the changes the contemplative order had experienced. From a Carthusian standpoint the old world had collapsed in ruin, and the new had not yet taken shape. In Germany and Switzerland monasticism had disappeared over wide areas. The English province had gone, and it had witnessed the execution of some of its monks in contrast with comparatively mild treatment elsewhere. In Scandinavia reformation was universal, and generally, as against the new Erastianism, the new technique of the Jesuit Order was more effective than the spirit of contemplation. A new missionary spirit, deriving from the same source also indicated divergence from Carthusian ideals. Only in Spain and Italy did life in the Order go on as usual.

Carthusianism had one attitude which injured its adaptability to new conditions. Like Carlyle's lady, it accepted the universe, but it was the unchanging settled mediaeval world Order, and the disappearance of the old European unity created a problem not easily overcome.

The picture given in this book of the monastic life is impressive, and the endeavour to reconstruct the situation and to portray the effects of the reformation on the Order is most interesting even when it seems to be a little imaginative. The authors' style is most agreeable and their notes and bibliography are extensive. We regret, however, that the notes are appended, and not at the foot of the appropriate pages.

N. D. E.

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THE LIFE OF CARDINAL MERCIER. By John A. Gade. Scribners. 10s. 6d. net.

One sometimes wonders what constitutes a really great man. He is not always easily to be recognised. Marshal Foch is quoted by our author as having said of Cardinal Mercier that he was the greatest figure of his time; and many readers of this most interesting book will accept the dictum without question or hesitation. Of course he was nothing of the sort. His king was a greater man than he, but he had the wit and the grit to follow the king's example confident in the might and majesty of the Roman Curia as his strong tower of defence. Vladimir Ulyanov (Lenin for short) was in the opinion of many competent judges of genuinely great men head and shoulders above every other person in Europe.

A long time ago we first came across the name of Cardinal Mercier. It was in Miss Petre's *Life of George Tyrrell* published a few years before the Great War. Tyrrell was in trouble with his Superiors—the word is technical to be sure. When he retired from the Jesuit Order efforts were made to get him aggregated to the Archdiocese of Malines. The humble soul who proclaimed that he knew more of Aquinas than any other member of the Society and held the chair of philosophy at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst, would naturally be a man after Mercier's own heart inasmuch as the Cardinal had formerly been Professor of Thomistic Philosophy at Louvain. He therefore offered him work which for some reason was not accepted, and shortly afterward in a Lenten Pastoral selected Father Tyrrell for direct mention as the chief exponent of Modernist errors. Miss Petre dryly remarks that no Prince of the Church was at his grave to speak over him such words of Christian hope and joy and exultation in the death of the just as the Cardinal Archbishop himself had the happiness of uttering later in his panegyric of King Leopold of Belgium. Some of us remember that monarch.

Désiré François Joseph Mercier was one of eight children. His family connections were poor. The author represents them as having originally been people of consideration who had come down in the world. Little Désiré had brains. And as so often happens to the lad o' pairs, the village parson took him under his care and pushed him into the priesthood.

Leo XIII had just ascended the throne in 1878 when he undertook to reconcile and harmonize the growing conflict between revealed religion and the discoveries of modern science. In the encyclical *Aeterni Patris* he urged a general return to the Angelic Doctor and proceeded at once to practical measures. In the teeth of manifest indifference, if not active hostility on the part of the Belgian Bishops and university authorities, the new Pope carried his point and founded a chair of Thomistic Philosophy at Louvain. Mercier not yet thirty-one was the first Professor. So far so good. But now follows a story of jealousy, espionage and delation in the University which reminds us of the least attractive pages of Walter Macdonald's *Reminiscences of a Maynooth Professor*. Complaints against Mercier were lodged at the Vatican. First that he was neglecting the essential of his plan by placing the emphasis on science rather than Aquinas; secondly that he was teaching in French rather than in Latin. Monsieur Collinet, we read, was even a more bitter enemy than Abbeloos. "His desire to harm Mercier went so far that he even procured some note-books of Mercier's pupils and sent them to the Congregation of Studies in Rome to prove what fallacies the professor of Thomistic philosophy was teaching." The story told on page 58 is infinitely amusing but does not increase our admiration of the guileless Mercier. As an instance of double-crossing it would be hard to match and goes far to interpret that expression of extreme astucy which is so plainly apparent in the photographic reproductions of the Cardinal's features. His work with the Institute lasted in all about twenty years. In that brief span he created his faculty, wrote his own text-books, collected his pupils, justified his position, raised the money for the buildings, and attended to the administrative side of the whole venture. On February 7, 1907, the Nuncio called at the Royal Palace in Brussels to inform the King that Mercier had been nominated to the See of Malines which carries the Primacy of Belgium. As a diocesan Bishop

the influence wielded by him on his clergy was nothing but most excellent. Constantly he set before them the ideal of detachment of desire from worldly things and worldly goods. And a piece of advice which in both the episcopal Churches in Ireland is sorely needed was: "*Pas de politique! Tenez-vous en dehors et au dessus des parties.*"

Then came the Great War. Our author sums up the situation in one sentence so far as the Cardinal's ability to recognise a chance was concerned: "The position in which the German occupation of Belgium placed him gave to his strength of spirit, his wisdom and responsibility, an opportunity to make themselves felt such as seldom falls to the lot of any one." Such an opportunity had fallen to the Citizen Buonaparte on the 12th day of Vendémiaire 1795 (Year 4). A really great man! The story of the occupation from Mercier's point of view is very well told by the author of this book in a narrative covering about 60 pages. The icy courtesy of the Cardinal to Von Bissing and Von der Lancken was a terrible perplexity to them: by it he out-manoeuvred them. Space forbids us to reproduce the story told on page 167. We commend it as a good deed in a naughty world. But the following is too eloquent to leave out. When the deportations began Émile Francqui who never minced words, hurried to Lancken's office and bellowed, "You treat us like slaves and history will bear witness to it." Suave and unruffled the Prussian diplomat replied: "No, you are mistaken, Monsieur. As we shall be the victors, it is *we* who will write history."

Towards the end of his life Mercier interested himself in the possibility of re-union between the Churches of Rome and England. To make a beginning negotiations were set afoot with highly-placed dignitaries of the English Church on one side and Cardinal Mercier, van Roey, Mgr. Battifol, and Abbé Hemmen representing Rome. These meetings were known as the Malines Conversations. Of course they came to nothing. The late Viscount Halifax whose ecclesiastical aberrations very few people took quite seriously was largely responsible for initiating the "Conversations." A very genuine affection subsisted between the Cardinal and the Viscount, and as he lay dying the Prince of the Roman Church removed his episcopal ring and presented it to the Peer of the English Realm which the latter wore on a chain round his neck until he too passed away. It is now embedded in a chalice at York Minster. This is a very fine, readable, and within its limits, instructive book.

S. B. CROOKS.

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### OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

L'IRLANDE. By A. Rivoallan. Librairie Armand Colin. Paris. 1934. Price 10 fr. 50.

The series composed of small quarto volumes bound in buff-coloured paper known as the 'Collection Armand Colin' is quite familiar to anyone who frequents the bookshops of France. But these little books, dealing with many subjects, of which one hundred and seventy-one have now appeared, are not so well known either in this country or in England as they deserve to be. Yet Siegfried originally published his notorious '*Crise britannique au xx<sup>e</sup>*'

siècle' in this series, and it contains such treasures as Daniel Mornet's '*Pensée française au xviii<sup>e</sup> siècle*,' and Professor Mathiez' study of the French Revolution. These volumes and others in the collection written by high authorities in their subjects though small in content, deserve on account of their quality, to find a place in the book-shelves of every student.

One of the latest additions to this series is a volume entitled '*L'Irlande*' by Monsieur Rivoallan of the Lycée Janson-de-Sailly in Paris. France has had frequent connections with Ireland in the past, and there is strong natural sympathy between the peoples. The little book under notice has been written to re-direct the attention of Frenchmen to this country, and to provide them with what they may be supposed to wish to know both of Ireland and her people.

M. Rivoallan, who is of Breton origin, is a recognised authority on Brittany past and present, and it seems more than likely that his interest in one part of the Celtic world has led him on to examine another. But this study, clearly based as it is on very wide reading, is not merely of academic value. For the author has actually visited Ireland; touring round the country on several occasions in approved eighteenth century fashion, collecting information about things and places, and gathering up opinions from the people whom he met. Everything seen and heard has been carefully noted and used as material to supplement statistics and other formal information to be found in books.

The volume opens with an account of what Arthur Young would have called 'the face of the country,' an admirable description which should provide bait for tourists, and then follows a short resumé of Irish history from early times up to the present day. The political and economic organisations of the Free State are each carefully examined, there are chapters on art and literature, and a discussion of current problems.

Throughout his work M. Rivoallan displays considerable enthusiasm for Gaelic tradition and culture. He appears to think that when all lions are removed from the path the '*Irlande-civilisation*' will come into its own, and this island blossom like the rose. We have many here to share his generous enthusiasms, but not all are prepared to heed his words of warning—the Celtic temperament is too apt to overlook the existence of disagreeable realities—and, it requires more than courage and enthusiasm to make a statesman.

It is to be hoped that a translation will be made of this excellent little book. It should be popular in Ireland; not only on account of the sympathy shown by the author for national sentiment, but because it holds more accurate information in short and handy form than any other single volume we know.

CONSTANTIA MAXWELL.

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LINGUISTICA. Selected Papers in English, French and German by Otto Jespersen. 1933. Copenhagen: Levin & Munksgaard, Nørregarde 6. London: George Allen & Unwin, Museum Street.

There is no need to recommend this collection of papers and essays to anyone acquainted with the name of their distinguished author, that is to say, to serious students of scientific philology. A new book by Professor Jespersen is an event for all his fellow-workers; for non-philologists it will suffice to say that this Danish

scholar has long been recognised as one of the leading authorities now alive in Europe on linguistics (including phonetics) in general and on the development of the English language in particular. Several of his books, such as his *Modern English Grammar* and his *Growth and Structure of the English Language*, have attained the rank of classics in their own sphere, being conned and quoted by learners to many of whom the name of Jespersen conveys a more definite idea than either Denmark or his own university of Copenhagen. The present volume also is intended for an international public, being in fact a collection of papers read at academic congresses and learned societies in various parts of Europe and for the greater part not composed in the author's own tongue. As the preface tells us, "a few of the papers now published appear here for the first time, while some of those not new have been changed and added to in various ways so as to bring them up to date." Everyone of them certainly will repay careful study. The width and depth of the author's learning are shown in the diverse nature of the topics he treats. The first four papers are devoted to the history of linguistics, dealing respectively with Professor Jespersen's own apprenticeship and academic career (this paper is a translation of the farewell lecture delivered by him on vacating his chair, in 1925), with the discovery of Verner's Law, with the study of the mother tongue in Denmark (*L'Étude de la langue maternelle en Danemark*), and with the genesis of the scientific study of phonetics (*Zur geschichte der älteren Phonetik*). Not only Professor Jespersen's own colleagues, but all scholars of whatever persuasion will relish these memorabilia—and perhaps let the story of the author's early choice and determined pursuit of his favourite studies act as a spur to them in their own lives. To some extent indeed the first essay is but another illustration of the thesis that the great savant, like the great artist, is born, not made. Professor Jespersen's bent towards philology is obvious from the fact that even as a schoolboy he started on the grammars of Rasmus Rask and made a certain start on Icelandic, Spanish and Italian; equally important, however, must have been the grim tenacity which made him cling to his chosen subject in spite of bread and butter considerations and battle fiercely for years against old-fashioned methods of teaching modern languages. The essay on Karl Verner makes a living and lovable figure of the eccentric recluse who is now, alas, no more than a name coupled with a famous sound law; his tale of the discovery of this law as the discoverer was disposing himself for an afternoon nap is a tit-bit for psychologists. A presidential address delivered to the Modern Humanities Research Association in 1920 gives us Professor Jespersen's views on the meaning, scope and justification of modern humanities—a discipline which, it is encouraging to note, this arch-philologist would have us conceive in as liberal a spirit as possible. "Each of us in his field must do his best, to make this world 'fit for gentlemen to live in'—then it will also be fit for scholars to do research work in."

A French paper deals with the career and achievements of the Swiss philologist F. de Saussure; the remaining essays (pp. 116-454) for the most part appeal to the specialist rather than to the general reader, who indeed would be hard put to it to follow the author's arguments, *e.g.*, in a paper dealing with "voiced and voiceless fricatives in English," or with the "nature and system of speech sounds." Even for the lay reader, however, Professor Jespersen's table yields a sufficiency of crumbs.

His essay on "The symbolic value of the letter i," for instance, opens vistas down which one feels irresistibly tempted to advance. Is he right in suggesting that for most of us, in English as in a number of other languages, the sound *i*, as in *little*, *chit*, *tit*, *chick*, *stripling*, etc., comes to be easily associated with small things, while the broad vowels, *u*, *o*, *a* suggest bulk? Admittedly the connotations of *big* and *small* do not fit the theory, but the essay lists several hundreds of examples, diminutives and words for children and small animals, which illustrate the rule. Is the remarkable development of monosyllabism in modern English to be regarded as decay from a more developed to a more primitive type, making for ambiguity and therefore to be regretted, or are counteracting tendencies at work? Professor Jespersen believes the latter and tells us why; not, however, before he has stated and illustrated his problem in a manner which will hold the attention of even the most unlearned of readers. "A marginal note . . . on a textual crux in King Lear" helps towards the elucidation of a difficult passage in Shakespeare; an essay entitled "Veiled Language" contains an interesting list of roundabout expressions, such as "to remove to Queer Street," "to anchor at Cuckold's Point," etc., with speculations as to their origin. The long disqualification on "Nature and art in language" also deserves to be recommended to the general reader; Professor Jespersen here appears as a champion of so-called "artificial languages" like *Esperanto* and *Volapuk* or his own *Novial*, and deals out some shrewd blows against those who still regard the national languages (e.g., English, French, or German) as altogether "natural," that is, developed unconsciously or subconsciously by nations rather than consciously by individuals.

For non-experts as well as for professional students these essays contain fascinating reading. M. F. L.

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### THOMAS MOORE.

TOM MOORE. By W. F. Trench. (At the Sign of the Three Candles. Dublin).

The time is ripe for a re-valuation of the work of Thomas Moore. Over-estimated in his own day, when he was placed on a pinnacle overshadowing his great contemporaries, he suffered an eclipse after his death which has lasted to our own time.

There are not wanting signs that critics of literature are beginning to realise that Moore has been treated unfairly, and Professor Trench's spirited defence of him as a man and a poet will be welcomed by all who feel that his work should be judged on its own merits and not made to suffer by comparison with that of Shelley, Keats or Byron.

His weaknesses are so obvious that they tend to make us forget his real genius. His fatal fluency, his occasional descent into bathos, are well enough known. But as a song-writer he stands unrivalled and his mastery of rhythm can hardly be matched elsewhere. He, more than anyone else, has helped to preserve traditional Irish music and Professor Trench has no difficulty in acquitting him of the charges which Stanford and others have levelled against him in this connection.

Of Moore the man—the husband, the politician, the social figure—much is said here that needed saying. He emerges as a scrupulously honest, warm-hearted, lovable person; unbusinesslike and easy-going, if you will, but neither a toady nor a place-hunter. “Tommy dearly loves a Lord,” said Byron in a fit of pique. But there were many lords whom he didn’t love and his affections were secured by personal qualities and not by titles. His origin was lowly, but he was never ashamed of it, nor of his nationality. To those who doubt it, a reading of his diary is to be recommended.

M. J. MACM.

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PROUD MAN. By Murray Constantine. Borriswood. London. 7s. 6d.

The publisher’s ‘blurb’ describes *Proud Man* as a highly imaginative novel, but I cannot regard it as a novel at all. I do not think, either, that it is, to any unusual extent, an effort of the imagination. It is supposed to be the narrative of a “human being” from some remote future age, or from another planet, of his, or rather ‘its’ experiences among the “sub-humans” of present-day England. The central idea, in one guise or another, is not new. Neither is the nature of the being, as revealed by itself, an original conception. Physically it is androgynous—self-reproducing at will. It knows neither fear, nor curiosity—is entirely emotionless, in fact. It is fully conscious, though what full consciousness really means is not made clear; probably it could not be made clear to imperfect human understanding. It is, in short, a human being evolved to perfection, or near it. Very similar ideas are contained in Oriental esoteric philosophies, and are set out with some plainness in Madame Blavatsky’s theosophical writings. The narrator of the present story itself suggests that evolution may have proceeded from an unconscious, self-propagating creature, such as the amoeba, through sexual animal forms, and sexual sub-human forms up to the fully conscious bi-sexual human being. These ideas resemble Madame Blavatsky’s esoteric teachings very much indeed. The difference between them and hers, an unimportant one accounted for by the exigencies of the story, is that here the perfected being remains human in general outward appearance, whereas the summit of earthly evolution in Madame Blavatsky’s philosophy has a form wholly unlike that of any conscious being now known.

But whether the author derives his ideas from The Ancient Wisdom, or from his own imagination does not affect the interest of the book which shows a remarkable insight into human nature, and understanding of human problems. It is not, I think, a book for the general reader who may, I well conceive, find much in it to annoy him. It should appeal to the reader who thinks, for whether or not he agrees the views expressed he will find in it abundant food for thought.

Personally I should like more about this “human being” and its outlook than is revealed. It should be able to tell us something about the purpose of life, if it has transcended evolution. If it has still further to evolve it should with its full consciousness be clearly aware of an urge to progress, and should have some knowledge of the goal towards which it, and all life is moving. It does not think of God, but speaks of being *aware* of Him: it would be interesting

to know whether this God is a principle immanent in the universe, or a being existing apart from it. It says nothing at all concerning continuance, or non-continuance of consciousness after death, a subject which interests everyone. It is a little unnatural, I feel, that none of the narrator's sub-human acquaintances expresses curiosity upon this point, particularly so with one of them who is a priest.

The story is divided into four sections, "The Person"; "The Priest"; "The Woman"; and "The Man." In the first the "human being" or "Person" as it styles itself, gives its general impressions of sub-human society. In the second it tells of a stay of a few days with some primitive farming folk, and of a longer sojourn with an elderly priest, in each case in the guise of a woman. In the third, still passing as a female, it lives for a time with a somewhat Bohemian young woman writer. In the last section, this time passing as a man, it makes the acquaintance of a male sexual maniac, and resides with him to the end of the story.

I like the last section least of the four. Why a character so abnormal and repulsive should have been selected to give "The Person" its experience of male sub-humanity is not clear. One would imagine that a more normal young man ought to fill the need better. There is a trace of abnormality in all the characters, but some exaggeration is probably a necessity in characters which are obviously types, rather than individuals. The author is just a little overburdened with the idea that sex is the main pre-occupation of civilised humanity, and the source of most of the evils which beset it. One doubts if this is really so, at least to the extent shown in this story.

The book, whatever its defects, is a highly remarkable one, and will bear reading many times. Who the author is who conceals his identity under the pseudonym of Murray Constantine is not difficult to guess if one has read any of his previous works.

P. G. BOWEN.

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A YOUNG MAN IN A HURRY. By T. O. Beachcroft. Borlwood. 7s. 6d. net.  
CORPORAL TUNE. By L. A. G. Strong. Gollancz. 7s. 6d. net.

The first thing that strikes one about these short stories is the vitality and variety of the characters portrayed. Mr. Beachcroft selects his human material from town and country, rich and poor; and his stories show a broad acceptance of life, as well as a comprehensive technical knowledge of whatever branch of it he writes about, ranging from medicine to agriculture. "Old Women are Tough" is a remarkable portrait of an old half-gipsy countrywoman living alone in a tumble-down hovel, who grows so helpless and ill, that she is placed by well-intentioned persons in the local infirmary much against her will. Every word tells; there is no superfluity nor sentimentality. Sally Briggs, wicked old poacher and receiver that she is, compels our admiration and sympathy for the flaming spirit of independence that forces her in the throes of fatal bronchitis, to escape from the overpowering standardisation of the infirmary ward, and clad only in nightgown and shawl, to walk five miles back to her cottage, with its beloved bank of tangled snowdrops and faithful tom-cat who

poaches rabbits for her from the wood. She is a memorable and heroic figure, as is Mrs. Plowman in "A Wet Saturday Night." The author, who has an evident weakness for old women, in this story takes for his subject the endurance and unselfish devotion of a very typical London charwoman to her family, throughout a succession of catastrophes of the evening paper variety. She belongs to the highest ethical aristocracy, and though there are many like her among the poor in London and elsewhere, she herself is a particularised individual, essentially a Londoner; with that devastating humour in the face of tragedy that characterised so many cockney soldiers in the War. After she had rescued her daughter from attempted suicide in the canal she gives her stockings to the draggled girl. "That's better" she said, "Now put on my stockings—they're thicker than yours ever were. I shall go home with bare legs. They'll think I've been paddling."

In another vein in "The Inn on the Estuary" Mr. Beachcroft shows his ability to sense and capture the atmosphere of place. He works this tale up to its terrifying climax by skilful description of a strange deserted marsh, peopled only by wild birds. This is, I think the most beautifully written story in the book, and flawlessly constructed. From the story called "The Eyes" it is evident that the author knows something of medicine. His tolerant and pitiful attitude is that of the greatest doctors, who with priests know better than others, the extraordinary fortitude so often displayed in crises by perfectly average men and women. From a scientific outlook allied to real imagination springs his satisfying directness of style, sense of form, and complete lack of that sentimentality which mars so many "humanitarian" stories.

In contrast to Mr. Beachcroft's objective detachment, Mr. Strong's book deals almost entirely with subjective states of mind. When the story begins the hero is about to undergo a serious operation which he knows may prove fatal. He has also made the discovery that his child by his dead wife is not his own. "Corporal Tune" is a record of his sensations and ideas for the last few weeks of his life under this double load of affliction. The first and best half of this novel has for background that wild region of mountain and sea on the West coast of Scotland which has already inspired some of Mr. Strong's finest poems. To Ignatius Farrelly, Ardglaslin has the double appeal of its own mystical beauty, and as being the place where he has passed the happiest years of his married life. There is psychological insight in the description of his last day in this passionately loved place—all his variations of mood, irritations and heartache are unerringly depicted. In the second half of the book we are plunged into a very different atmosphere, that of a London nursing home, where Farrelly is awaiting his operation. The writing is conscientious, and the incidental portraits of doctors and nurses well-observed but the book somehow loses its grip. Mr. Strong is by nature a poet rather than a novelist, and therefore holds the reader's complete confidence when describing spiritual realities, but does not seem able to retain it to the same degree when he is forced to descend to the *terra-à-terre* events of everyday life.

"Corporal Tunes pacify our incorporeal soul." On this magnificent theme of Burton's this book is written. To the author all earthly beauty is but a dim reflection of the absolute. His hero whose sense of ultimate values is clarified both by physical and mental pain and by his nearness to death, is a mouthpiece

for an elaboration of this Platonic theme. "What was any experience, what was all life but a corporal tune which the spirit heard and interpreted as best it might . . . Our life was a flawed mirror of eternity, a tune played upon predestined instruments . . . Just as this holiday . . . lay no longer behind him but above-gone to join all the others that in timeless memory meant Ardglaslin, part of a music that could be played again at will ; so this life, which he might soon be leaving, was no more than such a holiday ; part of such a timeless reality, a tune to which man the voyager listened for a while, then went on his way, his incorporeal spirit pacified."

An uneven book, but one as will be seen from the above, which contains passages of wise and beautiful prose.

M. G.

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THE ANTE-ROOM. By Kate O'Brien. London: William Heinemann, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of Miss O'Brien's first novel, "Without My Cloak," was its power to hold her reader's interest through the long and leisurely chronicle of the Considine family. Her new book, "The Ante-Room," although it has the same setting and some of the same characters, is much shorter, more interesting, and more intense. Here the arts of novelist and dramatist have been combined in a tale of almost unrelieved tragedy. The action takes place in the house of the Mulqueens in Mellick, during an interval of three days in 1880, The Eve of All Saints, The Feast of All Saints, and The Feast of All Souls. Teresa Mulqueen is dying of cancer, while her one concern is what may happen to her diseased and wasted son, Reggie, when she has gone. Unknown to her, the seeds of tragedy are developing among the other members of her household, gathered together to await the verdict of specialists who have been called to consider her case. Marie Rose, her married daughter, beautiful, sophisticated, and somewhat frivolous, has been, since her school days, the idol of her sister Agnes, who is a few years younger. Her husband, Vincent O'Regan, a dreamer who has a face "made into a mask by sensitiveness, perhaps the face of someone a little mad," has fallen in love with Agnes, who is swayed at different times by the mandates of her religion, the presence of her beloved sister, and the forbidden passion which she reciprocates. Into this complication are also drawn William Curran, the doctor attending Teresa, and Nurse Cunningham. In one dramatic moment Curran, who is in love with Agnes, intercepts a glance between her and Vincent, and realises desperately that she is not for him. Beyond the scene Teresa becomes reconciled to her fate, comforted by the thought that her helpless son is about to enter into a formal marriage with the calculating and practical nurse. So these diverse people pass through an ante-room in time and in space ; the dying woman whose only thought is for her son, the lovers who could not do without what they could never have, and those others who must remain content with a life which gives them less than their full desire. The only touch of relief in these three days of gloom is provided by the visit of the English specialist who discovered, to his amazement, that an Irish Catholic household might possess a beauty and dignity far beyond the measure of his expectation.

Miss O'Brien has already made her mark in modern literature, because she knows the ways of the human heart and can express them in concentrated and imaginative prose. "The Ante-Room" should enhance her reputation, since the characters possess a kind of vivid distinction which is likely to remain long in the memory of the reader.

R.

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**WATERFRONT.** A Novel by John Brophy. London: Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

"Waterfront," is a story, slight in proportion, but full of understanding, and gives the impression that it comes from a mind endowed with reserves of power and insight only partially disclosed here. The plot is unusual, but not improbable, and the characterization good. The scene is laid in the poorer dwelling quarters of Liverpool, and the book deals with the family of a sea-faring man employed as a "greaser." He has left his family to look after themselves for fourteen years, and when he returns it is only to involve them in the degradation of a sordid murder. And yet, as I have suggested, underneath the depressing and often squalid details of the book, there shines the serene outlook of the author, and the greatest praise I can give him is to state that he has managed to convey this quality to the writer of this note.

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**LEGION OF THE REARGUARD.** By Francis Carty. Dent. 7s. 6d. net.

Using the Irish Treaty and Civil War as a background, Mr. Carty has given us an unusually fine story. Of late years it has been the fashion for Irish authors to entertain their readers with characters that are either saintly to the point of silliness or devilish beyond the serpent's wisdom: to our great relief Mr. Carty's characters in the *Legion of the Rearguard* are neither saints nor devils but the ordinary, earnest human beings, with normal reactions to abnormal happenings, that we see around us every day. *Paul Davin*, the son of a country shopkeeper, his family, his friend, his sweetheart and the local Volunteer Brigade under his command work their troubled ways to peace supported by the humane decency of generations of good neighbourliness. Violence and death there is of necessity, but unaccompanied by any ghoulish expositions.

We congratulate Mr. Carty on his dramatic use of the first public Meeting of the Dáil to consider the Treaty, and on his excellent pen-portraits of the leaders. De Valera, Griffith, Brugha, Collins, Mulcahy and Liam Lynch pass quickly but vividly before us, while the author's clearheadedness and selective ability allow us to see justly and fairly the different points of view created by the Treaty. Of Griffith Mr. Carty says:—

"Arthur Griffith, at any rate, could not be accused of inconsistency. He had never professed a militant republicanism. Apart from the

doubtful clauses affecting partition, the Treaty gave Ireland that fiscal autonomy which had always been his objective. How tragic that cries of treachery and compromise should greet the achievement of the purpose for which he had sacrificed so much!"

Of Collins :—

"Forcefully and emphatically, section by section, he developed his defence of the Treaty, at one moment standing defiant, upright, feeling his smooth chin, the next, bent aggressively forward, with clenched hands and angry eyes."

Of De Valera :—

"... but no one who heard the almost awed tones in which De Valera spoke of national honour could have doubted that he stood for something sacred and fundamental which was not less tangible than the Treaty merely because it could not be put down on paper."

An interesting story of "troubled times," told with excellent restraint, with humour, and with a happy ending, the *Legion* should be in constant demand amongst the patrons of our libraries.

M. R.

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ARANMEN ALL. By Tomas O Flaherty. Dublin : The Sign of the Three Candles. London : Hamish Hamilton. 6s. net.

These sketches of life on Inishmore by Tomas O Flaherty will be welcomed by all who appreciated the Film *Man of Aran*. In this book we have the lighter scenes of gaiety, of laughter, which complement the heroic aspect of life on these rocky islands shown by the film. Here is simple joy in the daily life of a healthy people. Mr. O'Flaherty is happy in his return to Aran and in this book he shows us why. He has travelled far, sampled "progress," and perhaps in consequence can appreciate the life he knew here in his youth. The language used is direct and living. The little story of Roger Casement touches the heart : in what distant places of the earth is that compassionate man remembered ?

It is interesting to recall that a quarter of a century ago we were reading Synge's accounts of the Aran Islands and the Blaskets. On comparing them we notice that in his books, as in the film, we are impressed by the primitive struggle for mere existence, but in the books given us by the Islanders themselves—*Aranmen All* and *Twenty Years Agrowing*—we see the joyousness which must be the counterpart of that struggle.

The illustrations are those marvellous photographs taken by Mrs. Robert Flaherty, the Gaumont Corporation and Mr. Thomas Mason, some of which thrilled us in the film. We are not ungrateful, but we cannot help wondering what Tomas would have given us were these photographs not available. Perhaps his next book will show us.

The publishers deserve praise for their part in the book, which is very well printed and produced, with map, endpapers and a most attractive wrapper.

M. R.

**MUSIC IN MY TIME.** By Hubert J. Foss. London: Rich and Cowan. 6s. net.

Mr. Foss writes as a convinced advocate of the new music of our day, and his wide knowledge and experience give value to his remarks. He approaches his subject from many aspects. One is that the old music existed merely to please, the new music being more concerned with interpretation of life. This is debatable. One has only to mention Bach. Does he primarily exist to please, or to interpret? Another aspect is the freedom the modern composer enjoys as compared with his predecessors. This is obvious, for a few bars of the new music, even though written by an inferior composer, can suggest delicacies and subtleties outside the range of the classical composers. This is a revolutionary experience for the music lover. And yet, in itself, it is not a justification for the new music. For it gradually dawns on the mind that it is technique that produces this result, and we want more than this from art. It is just here that the new music art fails. The unfamiliar technique hypnotizes us, and we are incapable of asking if there is anything behind it. It will probably find its fulfilment in realistic drama like "Wozzeck" recently broadcast. There is a vast store of information and intelligent comment in the pages of this book, and it can be recommended to anyone anxious to get some enlightenment on the perplexing problem of modern music.

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**BRAZILIAN ADVENTURE.** By Peter Fleming. London: Jonathan Cape. 12s. 6d. net.

Some eight years ago a Colonel Fawcett while engaged in exploration work in the dense forests of Matto Grosso disappeared suddenly. From time to time rumours of his fate have reached the outside world and in response to these rumours at least one expedition has set out to rescue if possible the lost explorer. A relief expedition under Commander George Dyott, set out in 1928, but owing to the treachery of the Indians was compelled to retreat, not before it had narrowed down very considerably the area in which Colonel Fawcett was likely to be found, if alive. Later a trapper of vague antecedents and uncertain means of livelihood called Rattin appeared on the scene with another story of a meeting with Fawcett that had at least some measure of plausibility. Interest in the unfortunate explorer was aroused, and to cut a long story down Mr. Fleming found himself a member of this expedition as Special Correspondent for the *Times*. The expedition did not find Colonel Fawcett, and Mr. Fleming at least gives a good reason for thinking that the leader and his party were massacred or at least perished from hunger and thirst. But the author and his party had a deal of amusement and adventure besides. Mr. Fleming attempts to decry the difficulties and dangers they underwent but in spite of his humorous attitude they are very evident and the party appear to have had a very rough time indeed. The author also scoffs at the dangers from wild beasts and snakes and certainly, as far as his party is concerned he seems to have been justified, but the records of other trustworthy writers notably Julian Duguid, must also be considered, and one can only conclude that Mr. Fleming and his friends were very lucky, especially in

not being attacked by the piranhas, fierce cannibal fish, whose appetites they appear to have tempted time and again, to say nothing of the fresh water sting rays that haunt the sandy bottoms of the rivers. The book abounds in witty writing especially when the author describes the breach between himself and the leader of the expedition with its amazing consequences. A capital adventure story which the nonchalant pose of the author renders merely more zestful.

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THE NATURE OF ENGLISH POETRY. By L. S. Harris. London : Dent & Sons, Ltd. 5s. net. 1932.

This little book on the nature of English poetry is not an abstruse or an advanced study of the subject. It is the type of book that sets out the fundamental characteristics of poetry and therefore is very suitable for school work in preparation for the higher grade school examinations.

The author demonstrates that poetry is the most powerful and most pleasing form of speech, distinguishes the various kinds of poetry, explains the technical terms of criticism and prosody, shows how the business of criticising poetry can be dealt with, and gives an excellent chapter on "Speaking and Reading Poetry."

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, in the preface which he has written, commends the book to the reader : " It is because Mr. Harris goes straight to the core of this very simple mystery and elucidates it page by page, practically, with examples, that I think his book so valuable."

E. NIC GH.

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LITERARY PROPERTY. The Marketing of Literary Property. By G. Herbert Thring. With a letter from Bernard Shaw. London : Constable. 7s. 6d. nett.

So many writers have been taken out of difficult situations by Mr. Thring that this book is certain of a large circulation even among them ; but it is a book which all authors and journalists ought to study carefully and keep handy for reference. For thirty years Mr. Thring was Secretary to that admirable institution the Incorporated Society of Authors, and in that capacity he not only befriended many who needed friendship and assistance but also accumulated a vast amount of knowledge which is here set out for all who need it in the course of their business.

" Writing is a poor profession, like all the professions, however the public may be dazzled by the celebrity and big incomes (most greatly overrated) of the handful of the supersuccessful at the top," says Bernard Shaw in the course of his letter to the author, " But it has the advantage of property rights denied to other professions . . . the author is a person of property ; and as long as his property is worth anything he can live by it if only he has the knowledge and

the nerve to stick to it and exact its full rent. With the aid of your book and the Society of Authors he and she should be able to do this without any greater strain on their character and faculties than other property-owners have to face."

In this excellent book, then, will be found all that the author need know (and how much that is can only be known from the book itself) about the rights he actually has, but so easily and foolishly may lose, in his property. There may still be writers who profess to ignore the finances of literary work, but as writers also must live those who desire to continue doing so will begin by buying and carefully reading this book. It can be heartily commended; and in refractory cases its reading should be made compulsory.

A. M.

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HENRY CROMWELL. By Robert W. Ramsey. (Longmans. 15s. net.).

The Cromwells were a very interesting family, and the subject of this biography, Oliver's youngest son, was not its least important member. It was Henry who followed Ireton to Ireland and was present at Ireton's death, when that general shrieked in his delirium, "I will have blood, more blood!" The book deals largely with the fascinating political relations between Oliver's sons, on the one side, and the brother-in-law, Fleetwood, and the uncle-in-law Desborough on the other. It is also a valuable contribution to Irish history, for Henry was not only present at the Cromwellian conquest, but he came over again to this country to report on conditions arising out of the subjugation and the Act of Settlement. Indeed, he was the virtual ruler of Ireland for four years. He began the business with the customary optimism; he succeeded in disbanding unnecessary Puritan forces without trouble, and reported from Kilkenny that he found Ireland "in no way inferior to England, but in its want of English inhabitants." Later from Dublin: "A gallant country it is for improvement, and great advantages are to be made by planters." But looking back on his task in Ireland, after his father's death, he is not so happy:—

" . . . . . had I not owed a natural and filial obedience . . . .  
to his late Highness, I could not have undergone it. I humbly  
beg your highnesse's pardon for what I am about to say: I may not  
unless your highnesse commands me against my will and condemns me  
to my grave, anymore undergo the charge I did in my father's lifetime.  
I am not able always to live in the fire."

The Restoration relieved him, and he spent his last years in England in retirement, a prosperous country gentleman, for Charles II allowed him to retain his Irish grants and acquisitions. His political failure and trials in Ireland he attributed not to the problem presented by the obvious "enemy," the "Irish natives and Papists," numerous and exasperated though they were, but to the jealous and divided counsels which came from London, and to internecine feuds among the Irish Protestants. The Commonwealth soldiers or new men who had been gorged with Irish land had an "extravagance of power" not counterbalanced by a "civility of education," and were very unruly. We hear of a petition from

the more "ancient Protestants" of Ireland, which Cromwell would like to grant; he smiles and says he "can easily believe it" when he is told Tipperary strongly discountenances any tenderness towards "ancient Protestants." The Irish correspondence from which Mr. Ramsey quotes so freely, is drawn from Thurloe's State Papers and the M.S.S. in the Lansdowne Collections.

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ROSABELLE. By Lynn Doyle. London: Butterworth. 7s. 6d. net.

A high level of competency is reached in this latest collection of "Ballygullion" stories. Mr. Lynn Doyle is an artist who knows how to blend wit, humour and pathos, while he possesses to the full that rare gift of O. Henry and W. W. Jacobs the power of ending a tale in one complete dramatic sentence that somehow seems to sum up adequately all that has occurred in the story. "Rosabelle" is more than a mere book of funny stories, much more, and one tale at least, the very last in the book hints at sterner and more enduring gifts that augur well for a complete novel on that phase of Irish life the author understands so well when he shall find the leisure to write it.

J. M. G.



